

SMASH

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FEBRUARY
No. 50

COMICS

10¢



You'll split
your sides
LAUGHING!
when

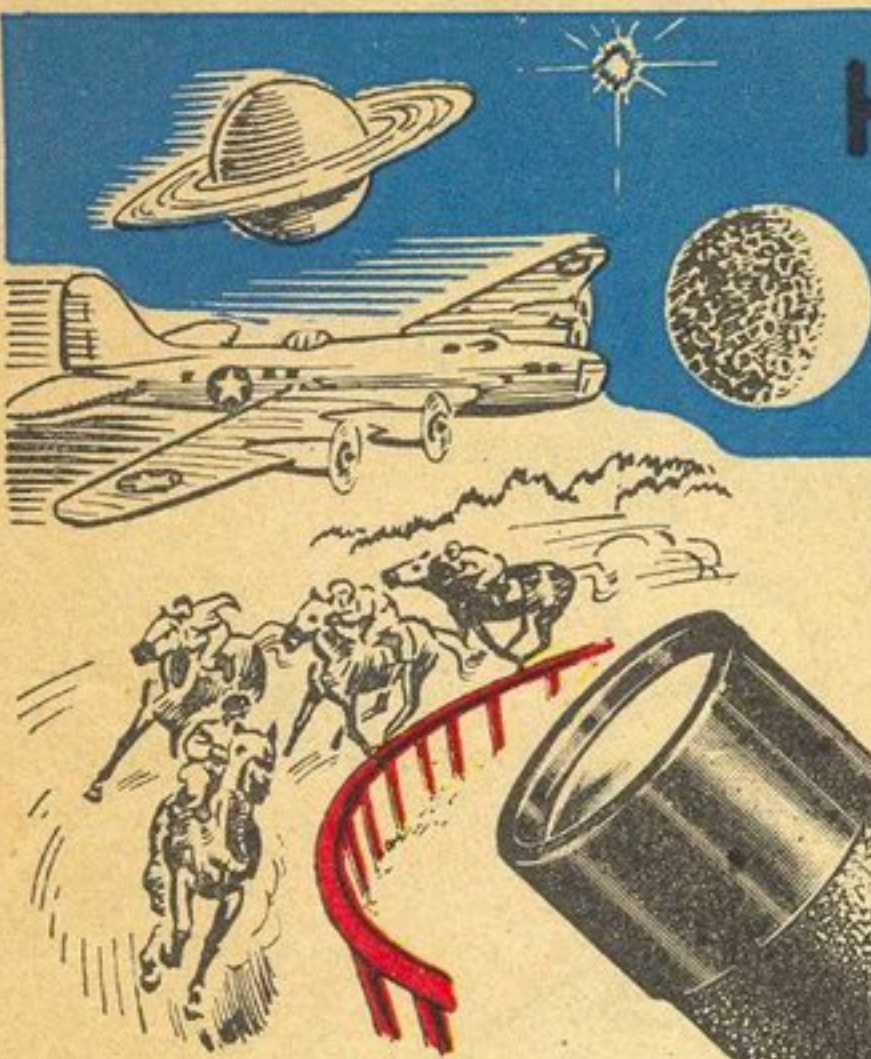
MIDNIGHT

introduces
**HIRAM THE
HERMIT,**
who makes the
SPHINX
look like a
chatter-box!

ALEX KOTZKY



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL **OUTDOOR OFFERS** EVER MADE TO QUALITY COMIC GROUP READERS!

WHILE THEY LAST
Amazing **5-POWER
TELESCOPE**

**IN A BRAND NEW
COMBINATION OFFER**

With a Life Service Military Carrying Case

At A Price So Low

It's Almost A Gift

Here's real fun for summer: See far away. Brings far off people, airplanes, birds, signs, houses, livestock, etc., into sharp, clear, easy vision. Enjoy ball games, races, fights, more than you dreamed possible. Mail coupon today while **SPECIAL OFFER** supply lasts.

**Sent To You Practically
ON APPROVAL**

We want you to see this sensational telescope, to use it, to carry it with you in the military shoulder carrying case. That's why we say mail the coupon now. Then, if a 10-day trial doesn't convince you this is the greatest offer ever, if you can bear to part with your telescope, return it and you won't be out a penny. But the trial supply is limited. You must act now. Mail the coupon today, sure.

**Why We Make This Really
AMAZING OFFER**

This telescope is for men, women and children. It is made with genuine ground and polished glass lenses, and is a real 5-power telescope. It makes far off objects appear 5 times bigger than they actually are. If you want one, you'll have to hurry and get your order in, because this is a close-out offer and, when supplies are gone, there will be no more.

TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Send no money. Mail coupon today. When your telescope, military carrying case with shoulder straps and free airplane spotter's guide arrives, deposit only \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage through postman. Do this on the positive guarantee you can return your purchase in 10 days and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait. Mail coupon today.

MILLER TELESCOPE COMPANY
225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.



5-power telescope comes in military carrying case with shoulder straps. Case is very attractive and is waterproof, acid proof and oil proof, so it will give your telescope excellent protection.

If you don't have a fine telescope or pair of field glasses now, here's your chance to get in on one of the biggest value offers we've ever made to you readers. But you must act today. Mail the coupon.



FREE

AIRPLANE SPOTTER'S GUIDE

For promptness in mailing coupon and thus helping quickly to move our telescopes on hand, you will receive free this interesting and valuable airplane spotter's guide. Shows accurate silhouettes of 16 U. S. Fighters and Bombers, and 15 **ENEMY WAR PLANES**. Yours free of all added cost. Now, today, mail coupon.

These and Many Other Planes

Use This
Special
Coupon

MAIL THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

Miller Telescope Co., Dept. A-718
225 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send 5-POWER TELESCOPE, CARRYING CASE with Shoulder Straps and free airplane spotter's guide, I'll pay postman \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on guarantee I can return purchase in 10 days for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Miller pays postage.)

NAME
(Print plainly)

ADDRESS

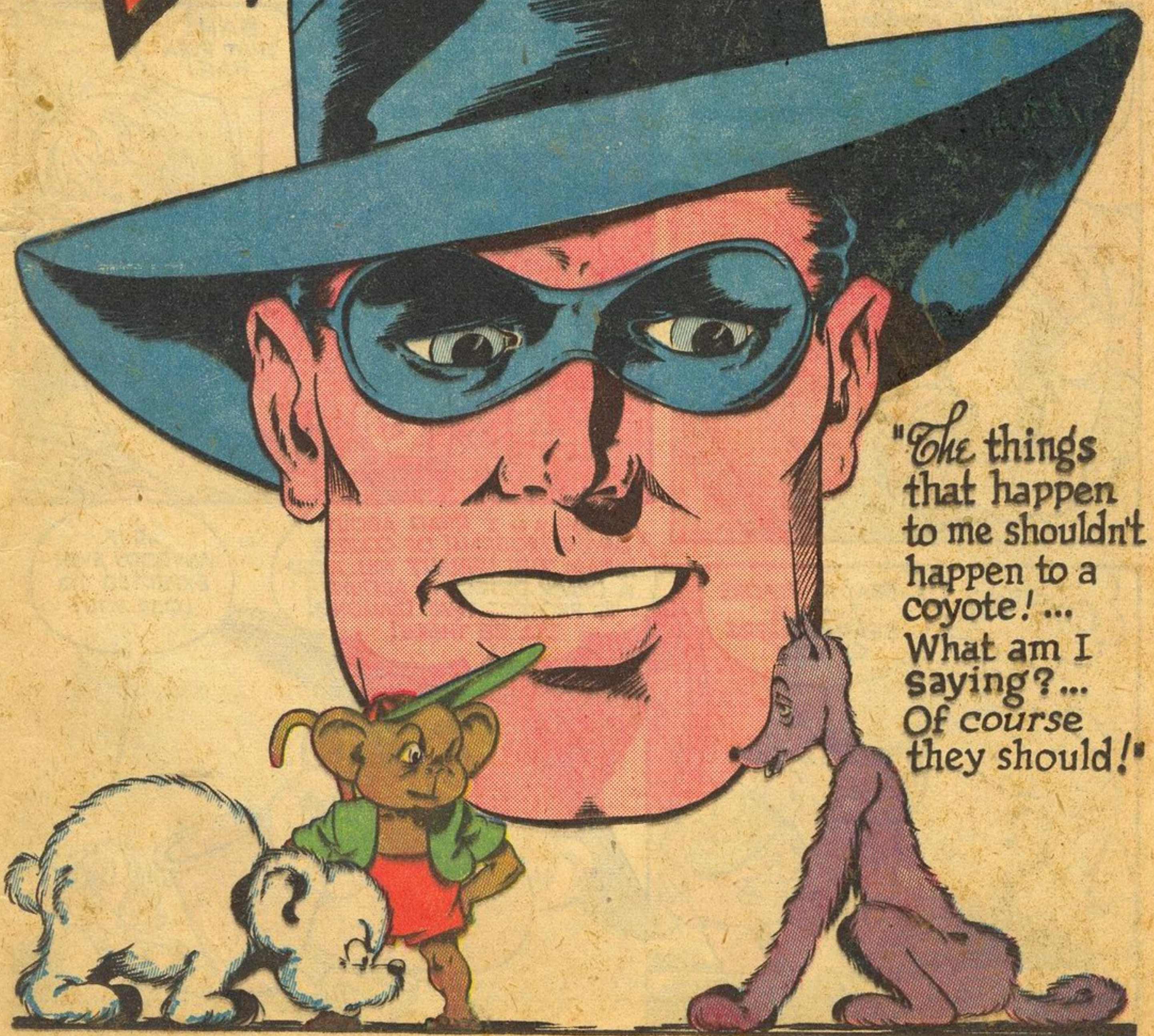
CITY STATE

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER: These Telescopes make ideal gifts, especially for service men, Boy Scouts, etc. If you want 3 at a special gift price of \$3.89 (save 58c) put X here ()

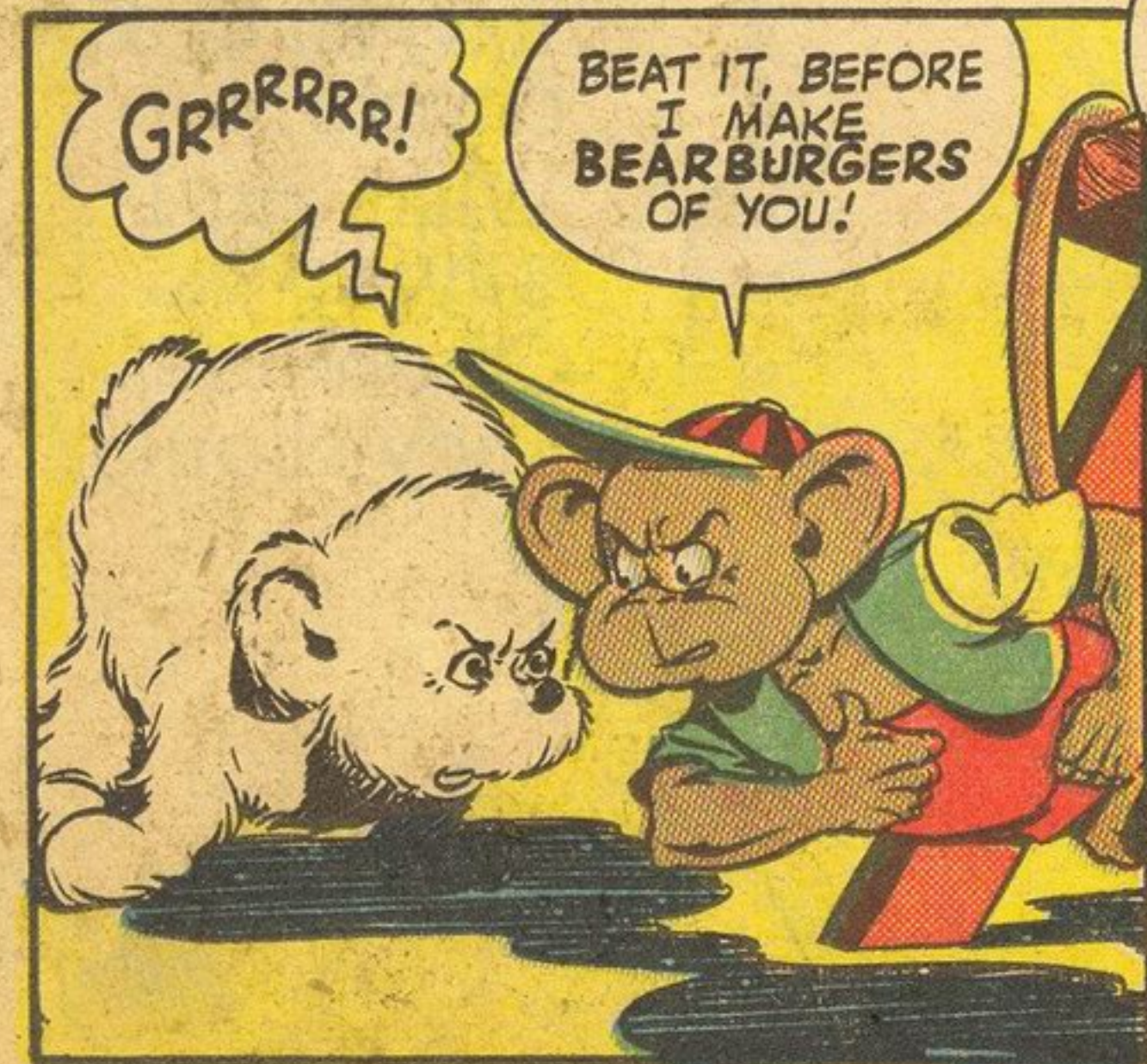
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Midnight

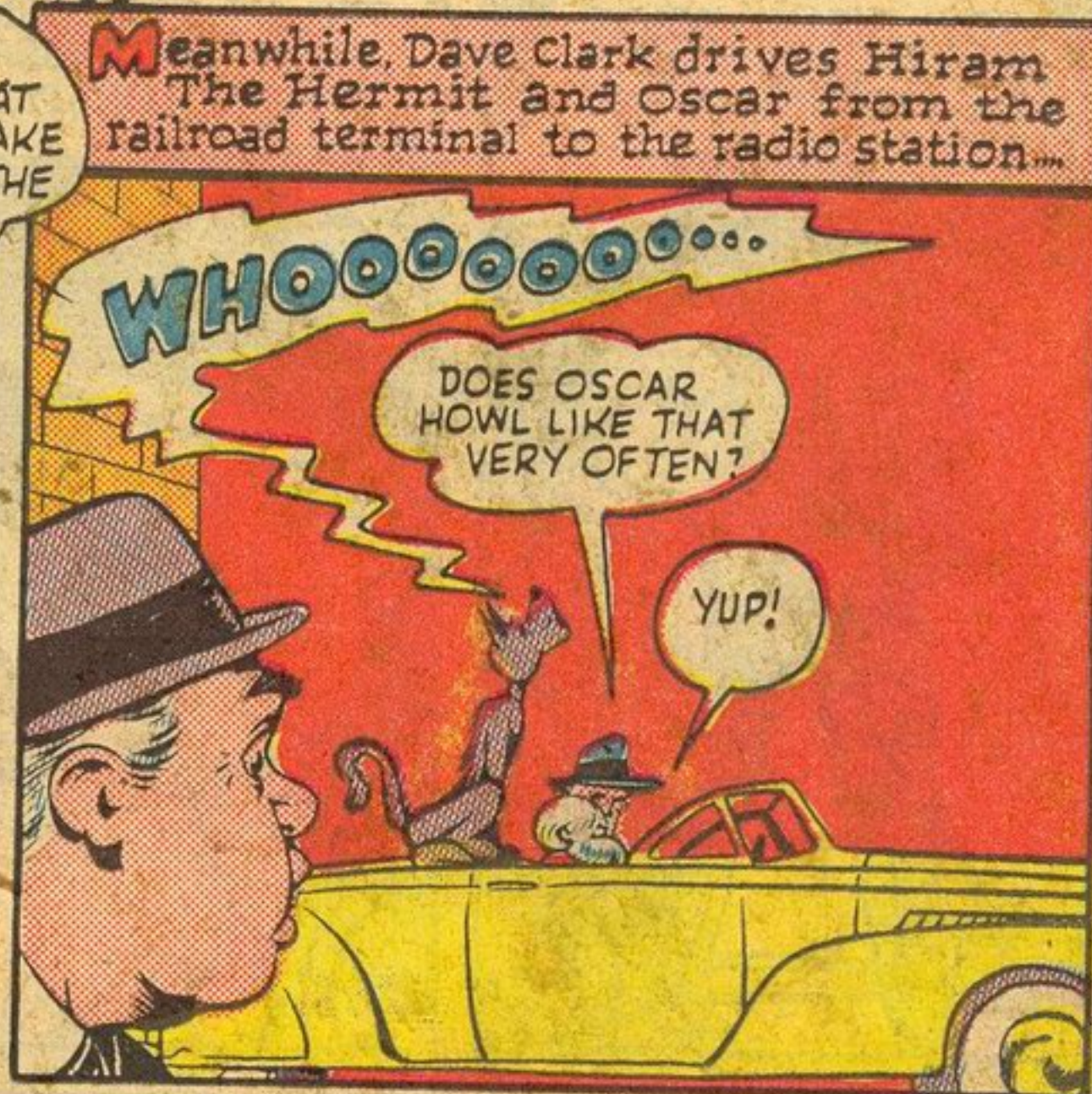
by
Paul
Gustavson



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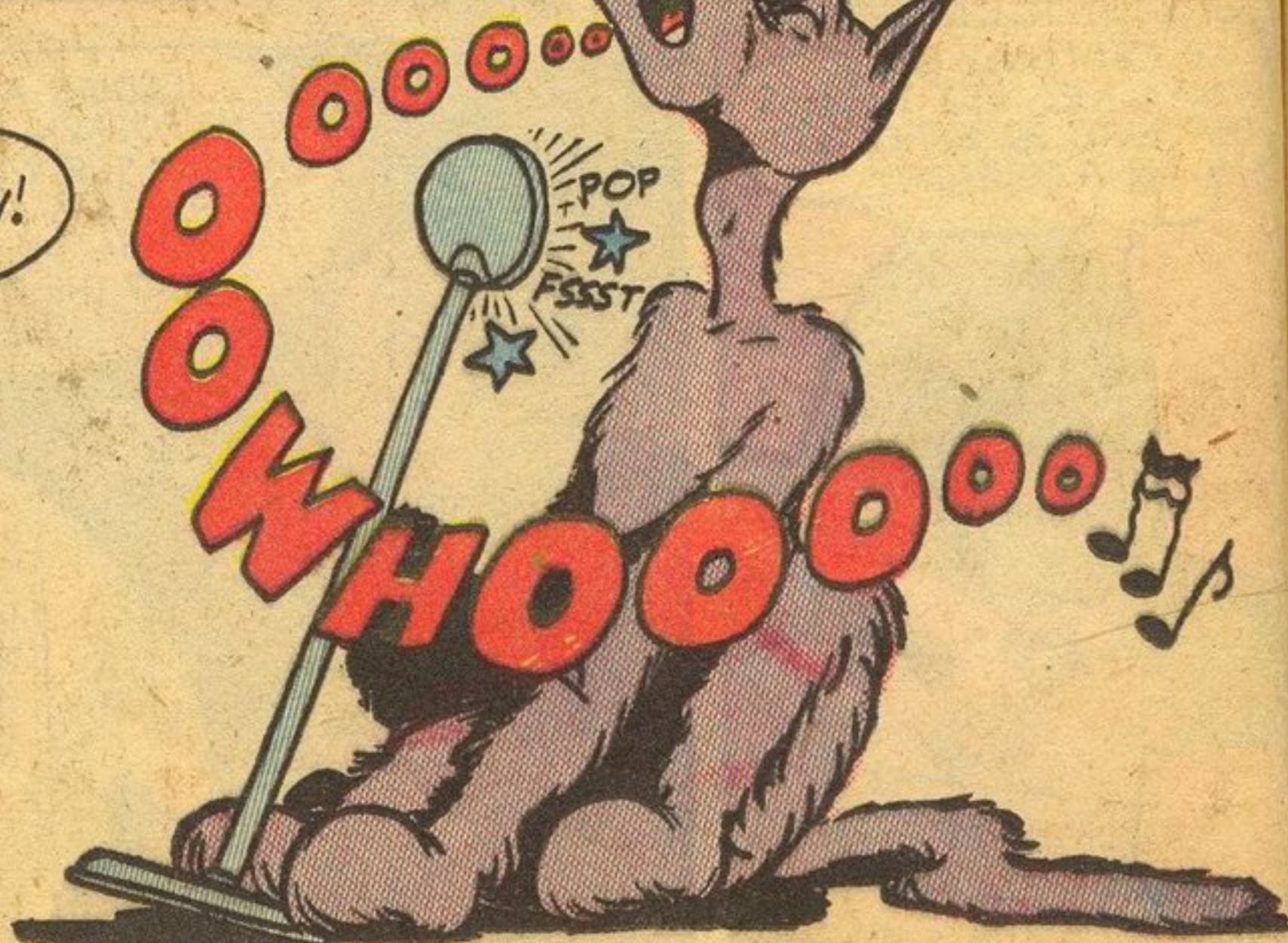
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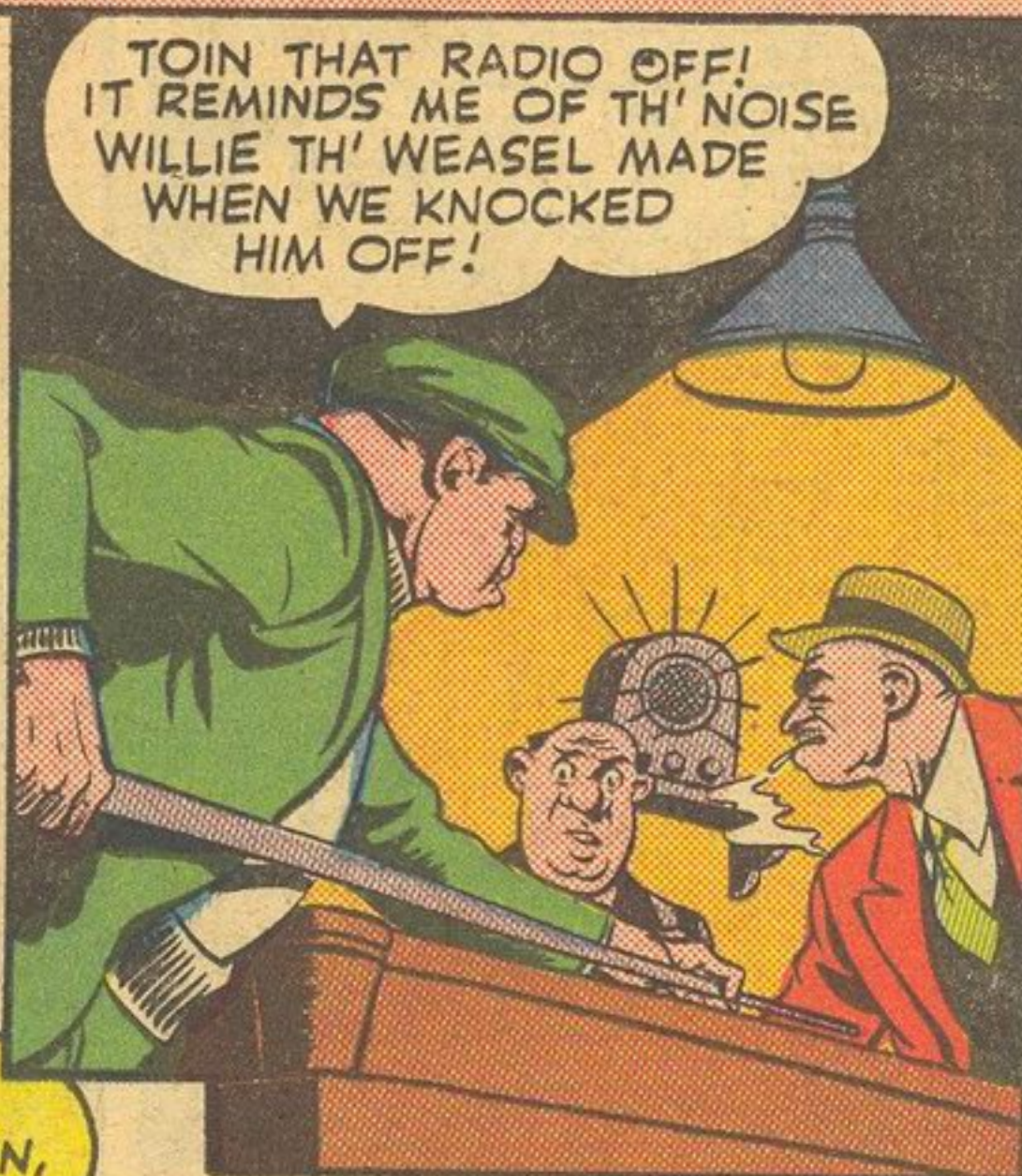
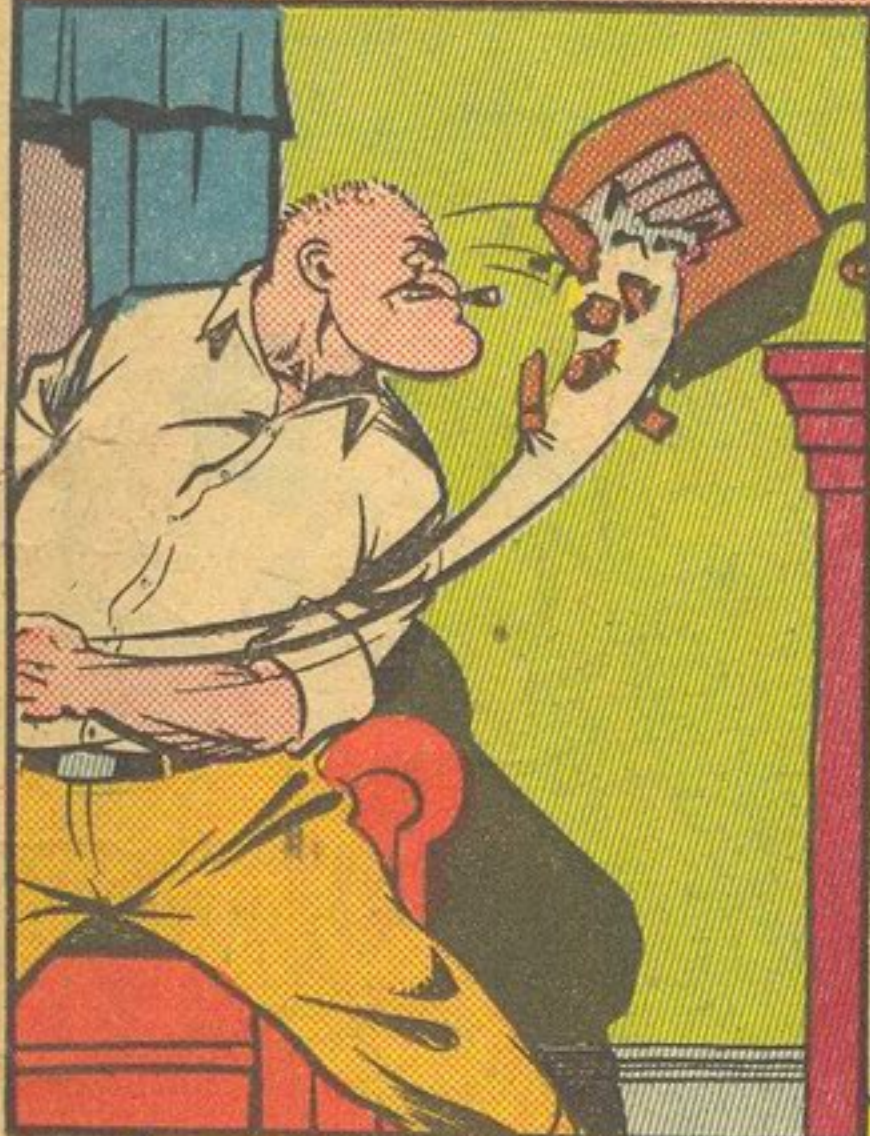
PHOOEY!



SMASH COMICS



The radio audience has its own reaction to the --ahem-- program!





THEN WHY CAN'T YOU SHOW IT TO US? WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

STOLEN!



STOLEN! WHO STOLE IT? WHEN? WHERE?

YUP!... DUNNO!... WHEN WE CAME IN THIS HYAR PLACE! ... LIL' WHILE AGO!



FINISH THE PROGRAM WITH SOME JIVE RECORDINGS, CHIEF! THE HIRAM-THE-HERMIT DIAMONDS' BEEN STOLEN!



COME ON, HIRAM! WE MUST DO SOMETHING! I'LL GET A DETECTIVE!



And, by the time Hiram emerges from the studio, Dave has become MIDNIGHT!

HELLO, HIRAM! DAVE CLARK TOLD ME YOU NEEDED SOME HELP RECOVERING A STOLEN DIAMOND! I'M MIDNIGHT, THE DETECTIVE!

HOWDY!



NOW, WHEN YOU CAME IN, YOU HAD THE DIAMOND... WHERE WAS IT?

IN M' PACK!



AND NOW IT'S GONE! HOW DID YOU NOTICE IT WAS GONE?

LOOKED FER SOME CHAWIN' TERBACER!



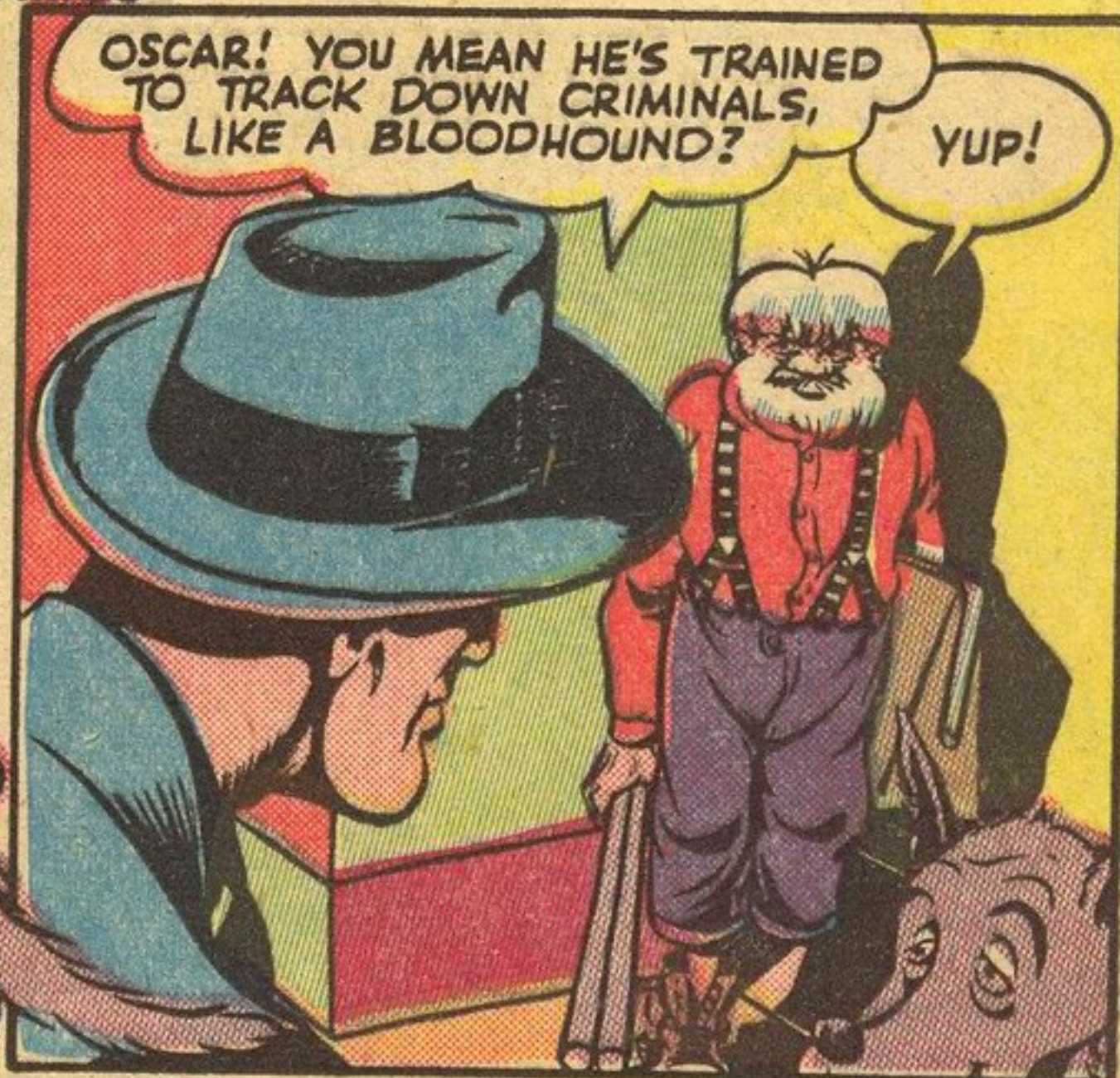
AND AFTER FINDING THE DIAMOND GONE, HE WENT RIGHT ON THE PROGRAM WITHOUT BATTLING AN EYE!

SMASH COMICS



BUT MAN ALIVE!...
AREN'T YOU EVEN
WORRIED
ABOUT IT?

NOPE!...
OSCAR'LL SMELL
OUT THE
THIEF!



OSCAR! YOU MEAN HE'S TRAINED
TO TRACK DOWN CRIMINALS,
LIKE A BLOODHOUND?

YUP!



WELL, LET'S GO!
WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?

HEY, MIDNIGHT! WE'LL
HELP YOU LOOK FOR
THE DIAMOND!



NOW, IF
YOU'D
LEAVE IT
ALL TO
ME---

DON'T BOTHER!...
OSCAR IS ON THE JOB!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO
IS FOLLOW HIM!



HE'S PICKED
UP THE TRAIL
ALREADY!



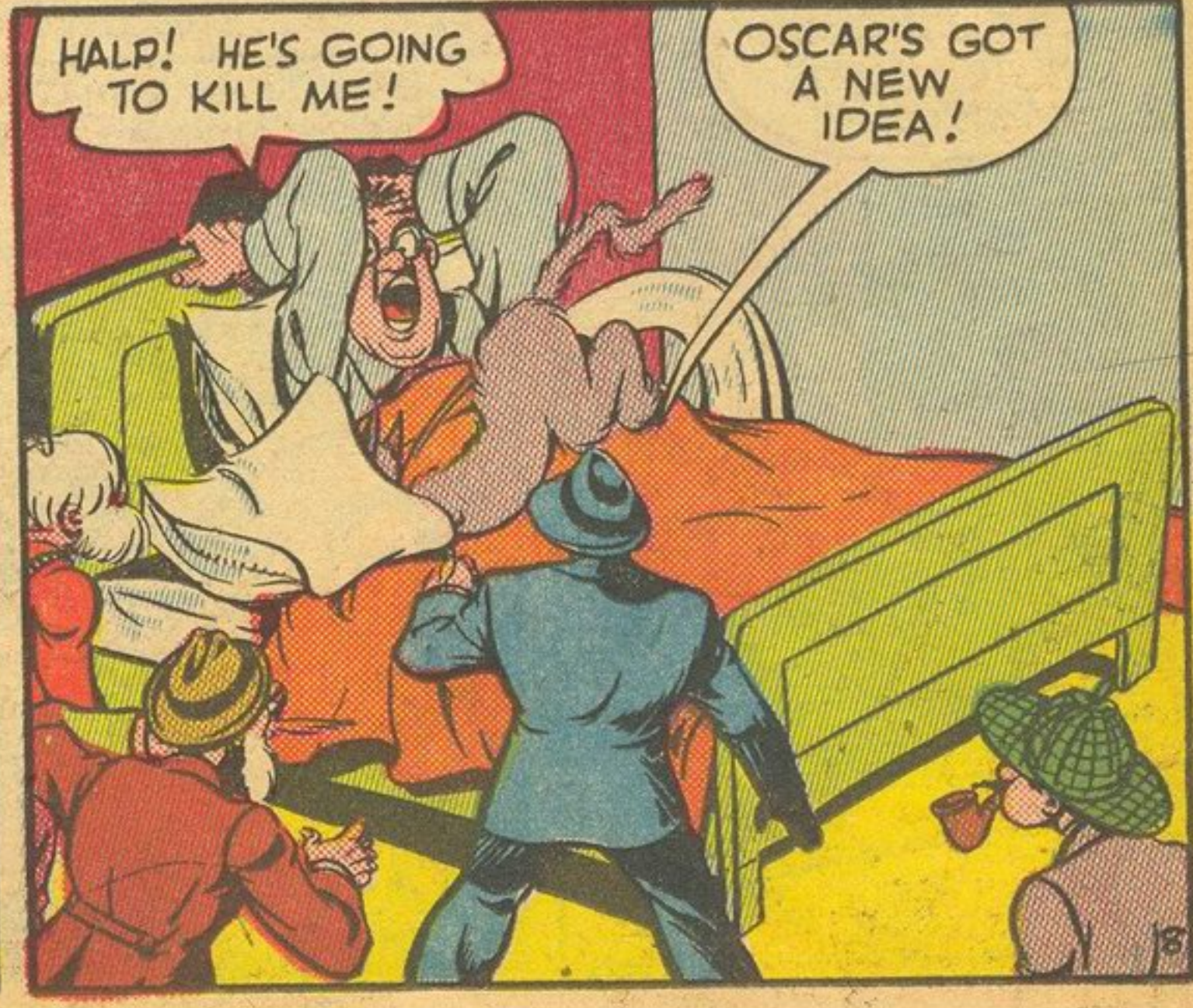
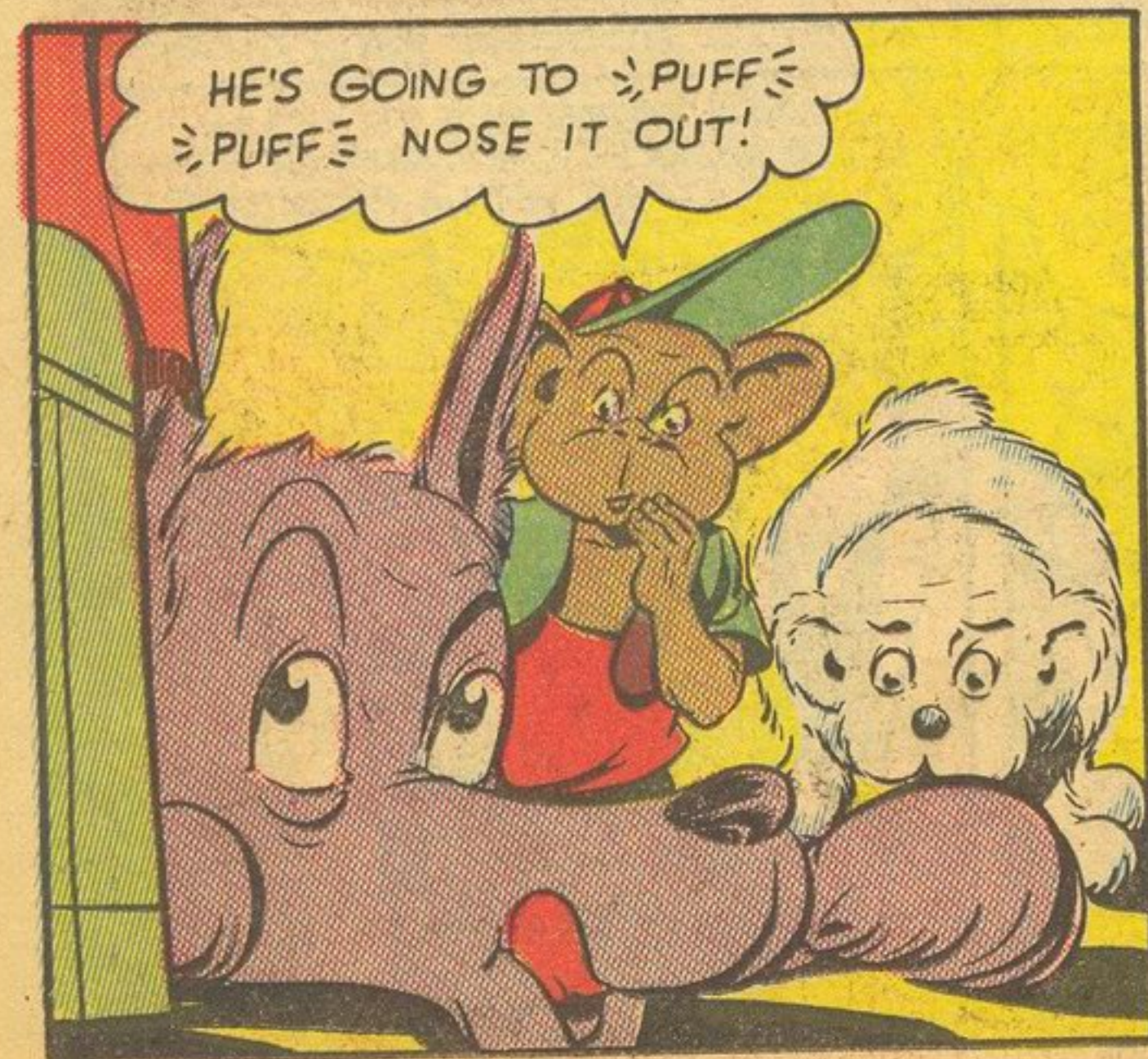
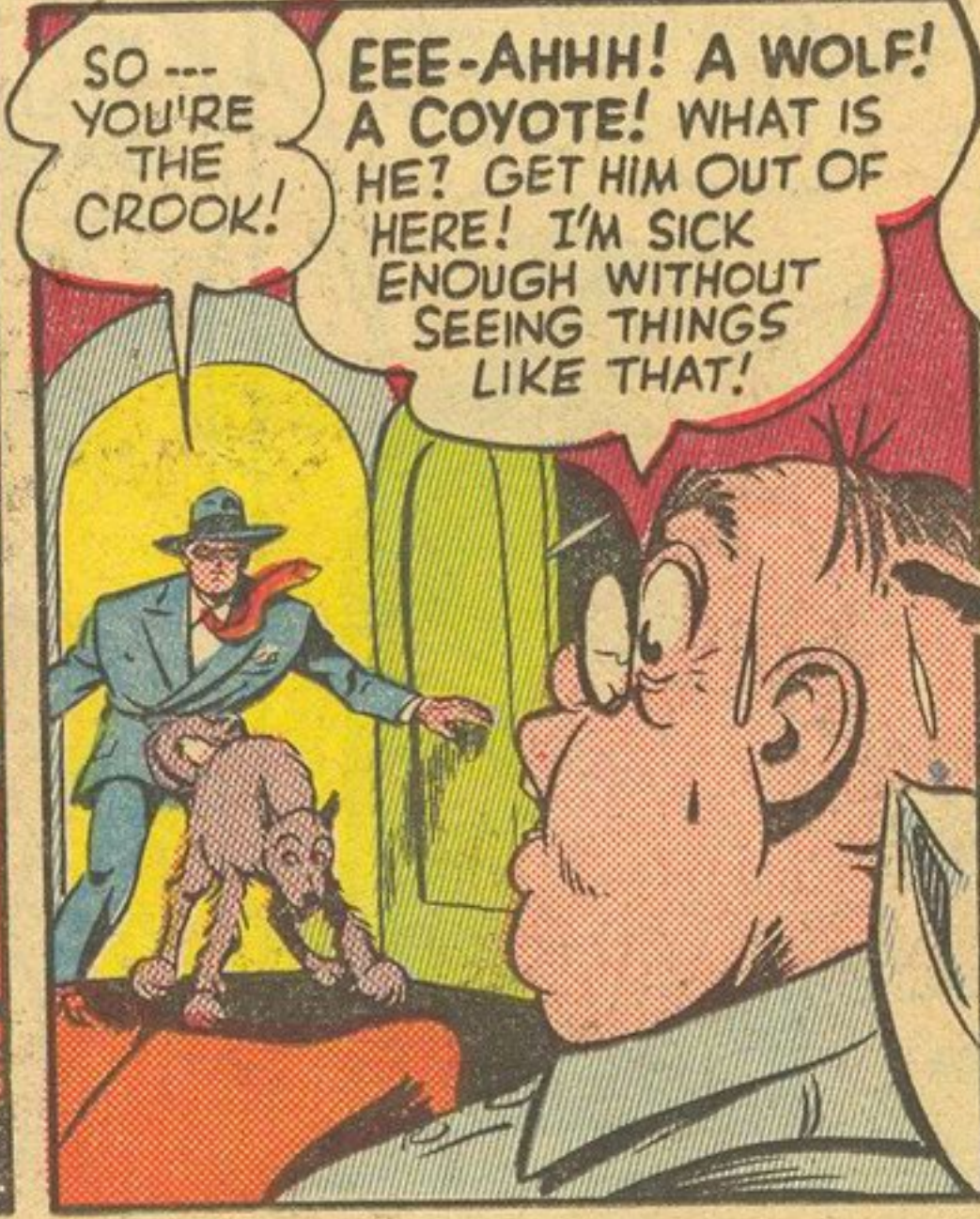
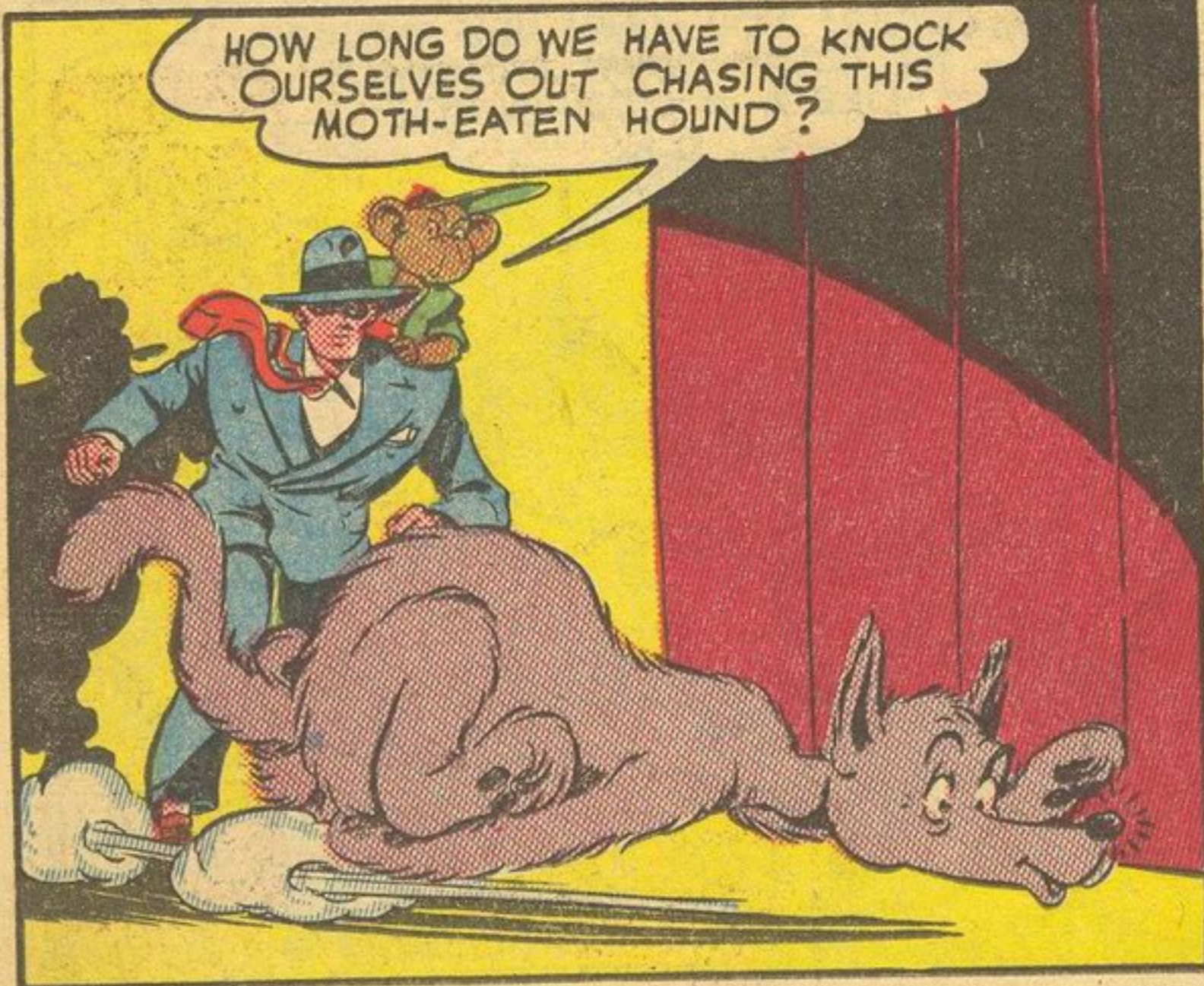
In the meantime...

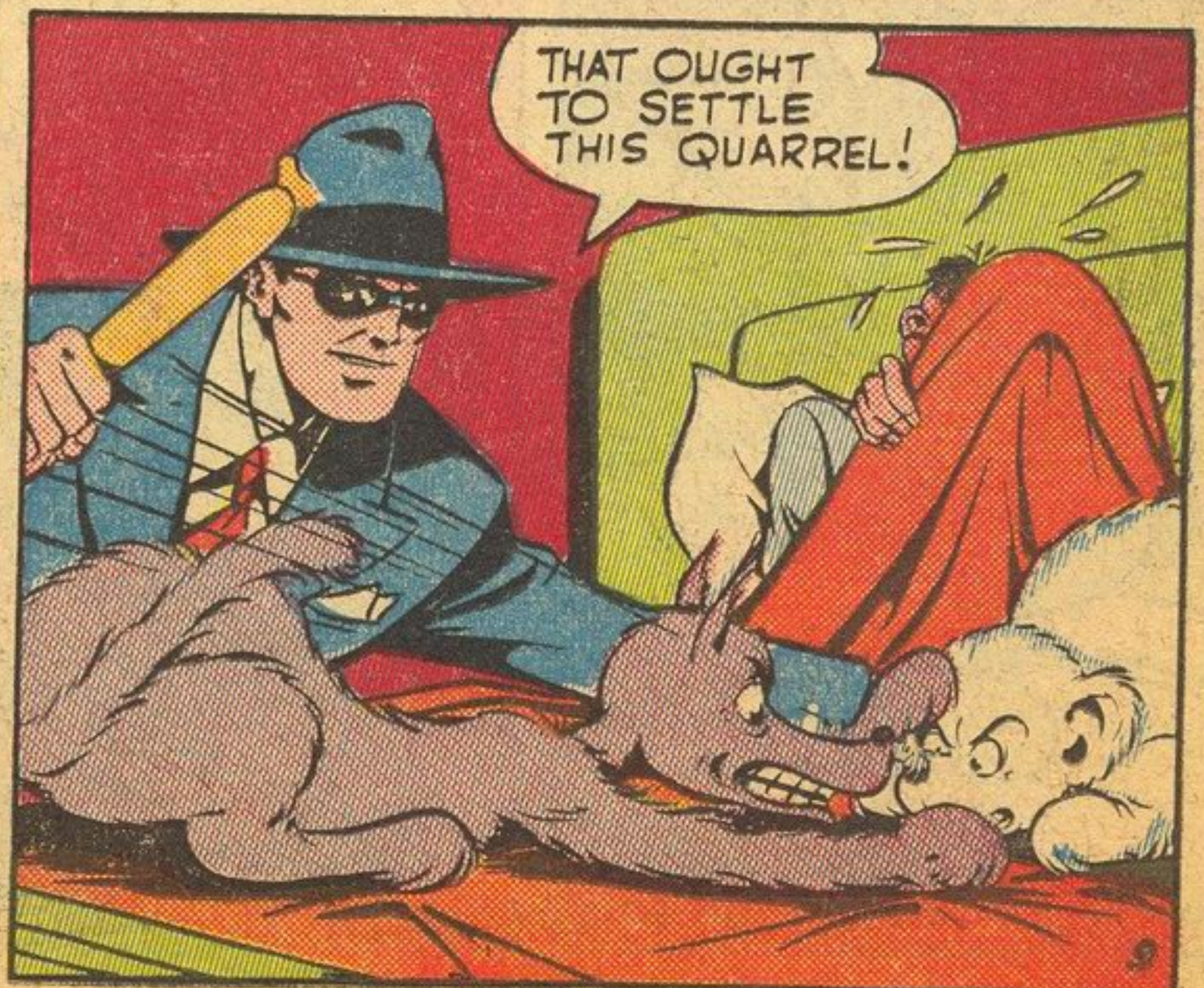
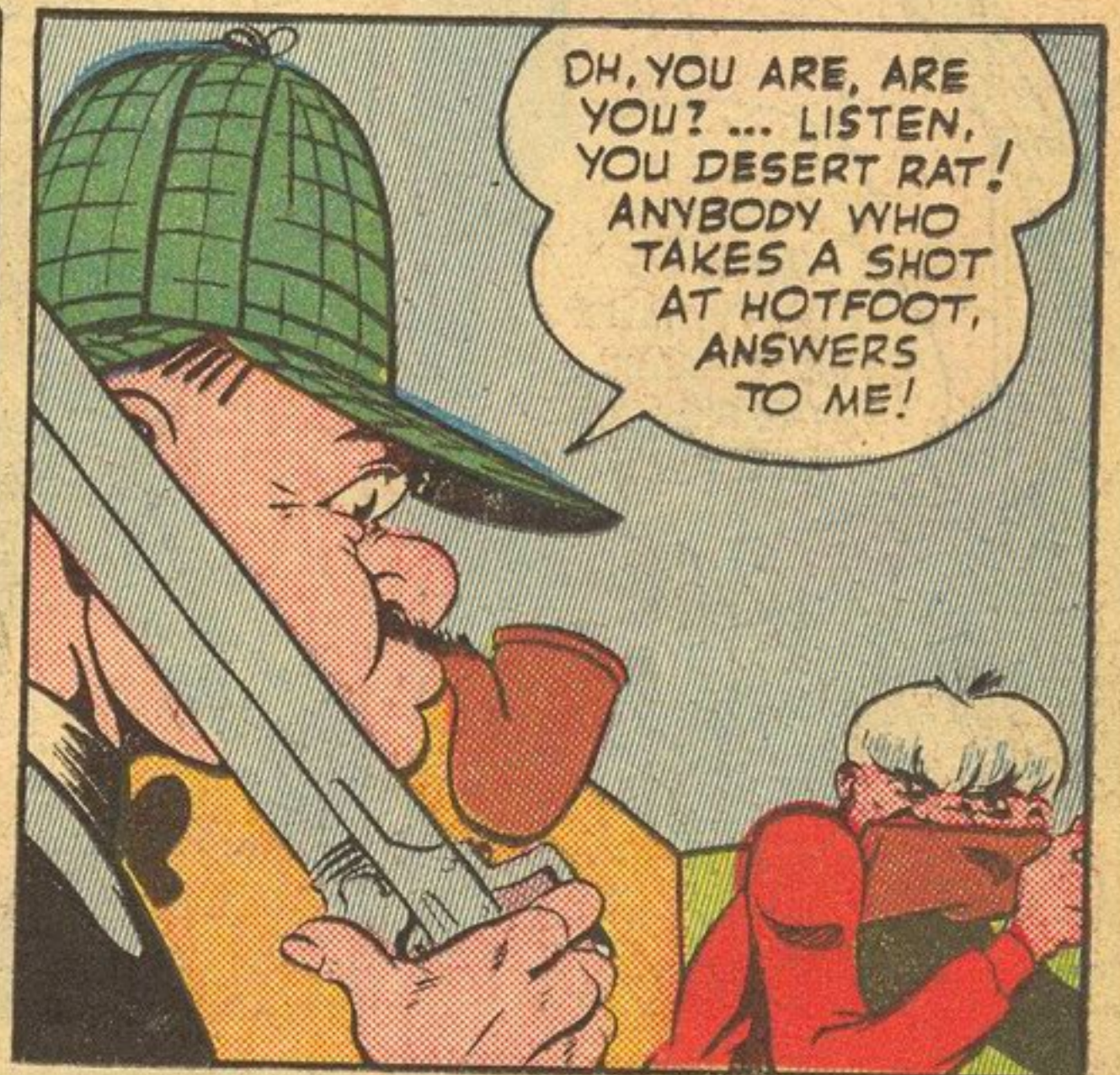
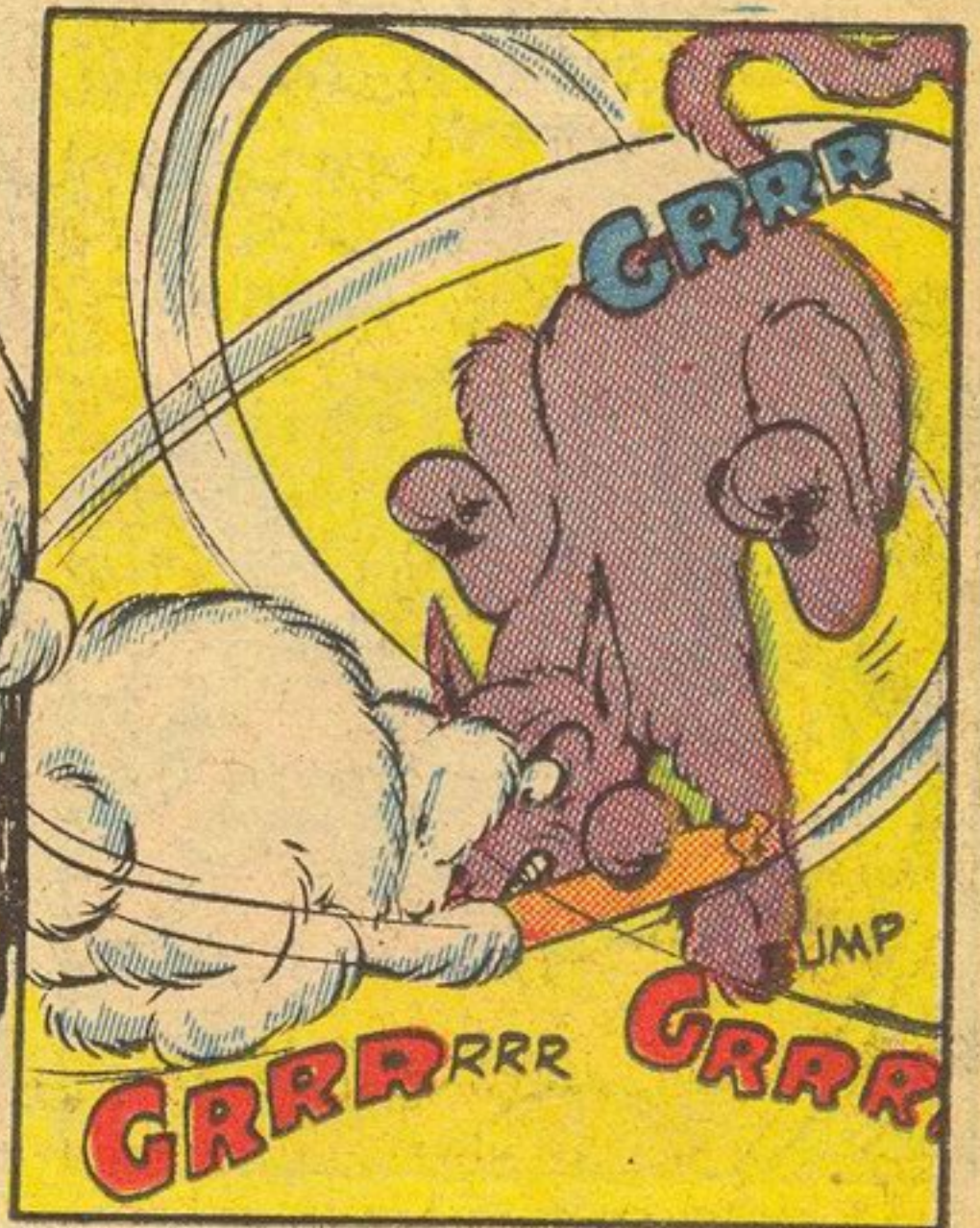
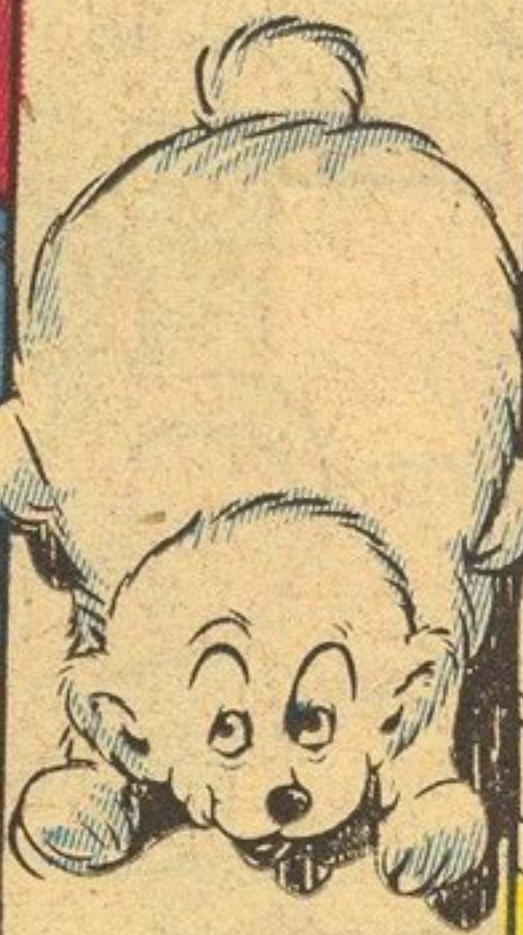
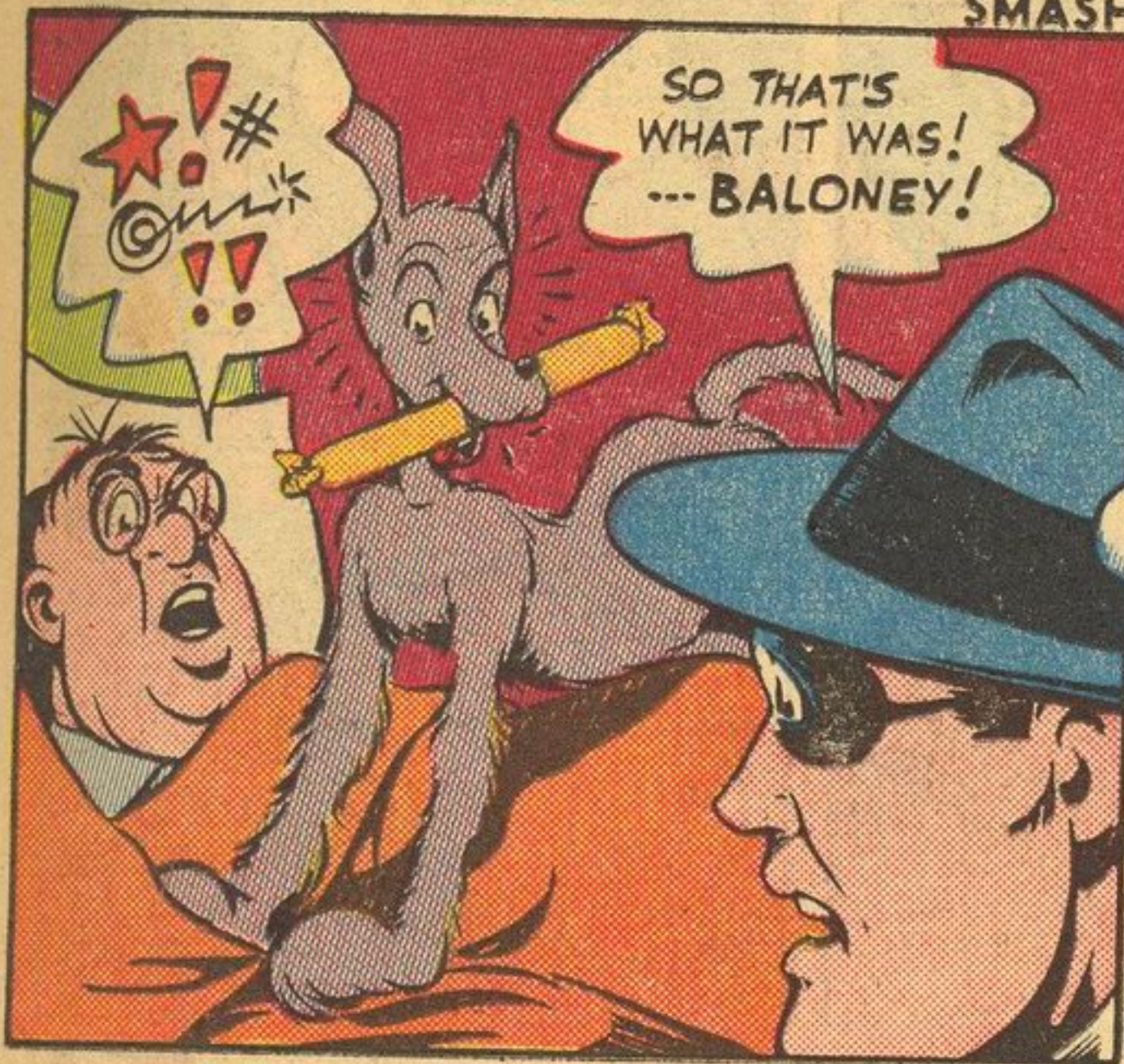
DID YOU HEAR THAT?... TH'
HIRAM-TH'-HERMIT DIAMOND'S
BEEN SWIPED! BET IT WAS
THE GROVER MOB! WE CAN
KNOCK THEM OVER EASY
AND GET TH' ICE
OURSELVES!



and, in another gang hideout.

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE TH' NOLAN
MOB'S WORK! THEY AIN'T GETTIN'
TH' JUMP ON US WITH A ROCK LIKE
THAT! LET'S GET
AFTER THEM!





SMASH COMICS

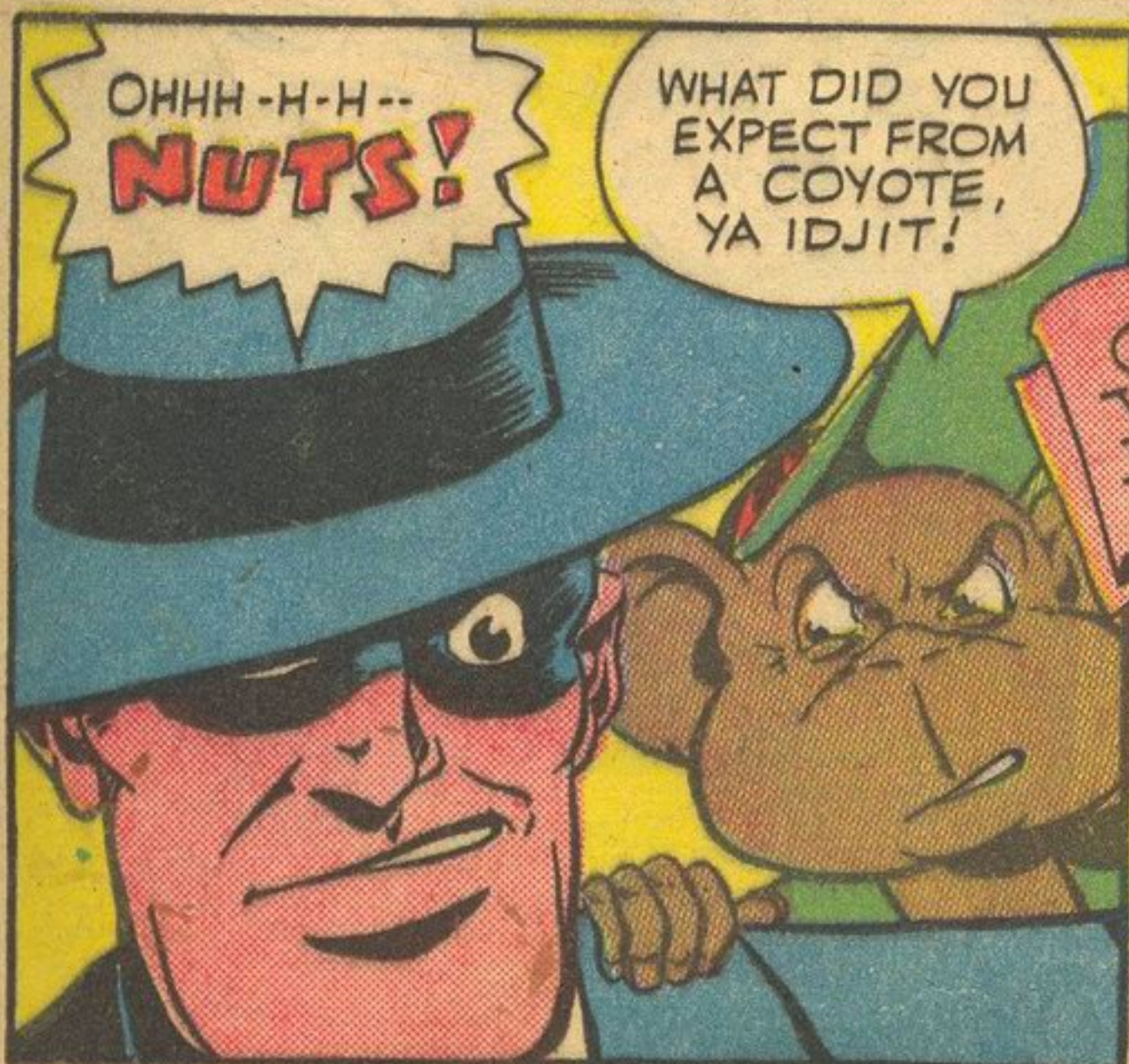


I'M GOING TO SUE ...
OHHHOOO!



HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT IN THIS TOWN! ... IT ISN'T LEGAL TO TAKE POT SHOTS AT RANDOM!

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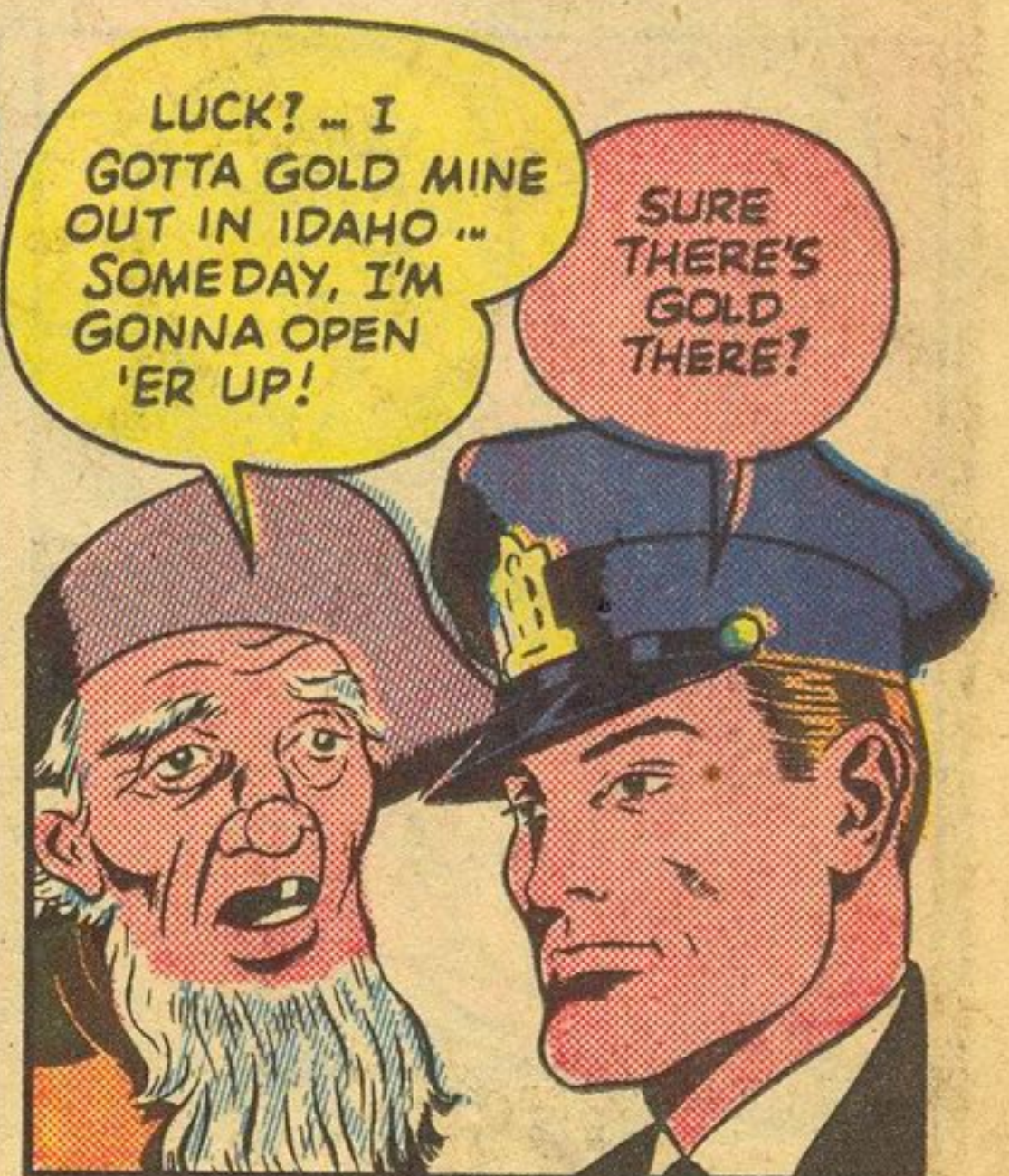
Rookie RANKIN

This ambitious young policeman was assigned to the Rodeo when it came to town! ... Little did he think that it would lead to a Search for gold and a skirmish with two relentless criminals!...

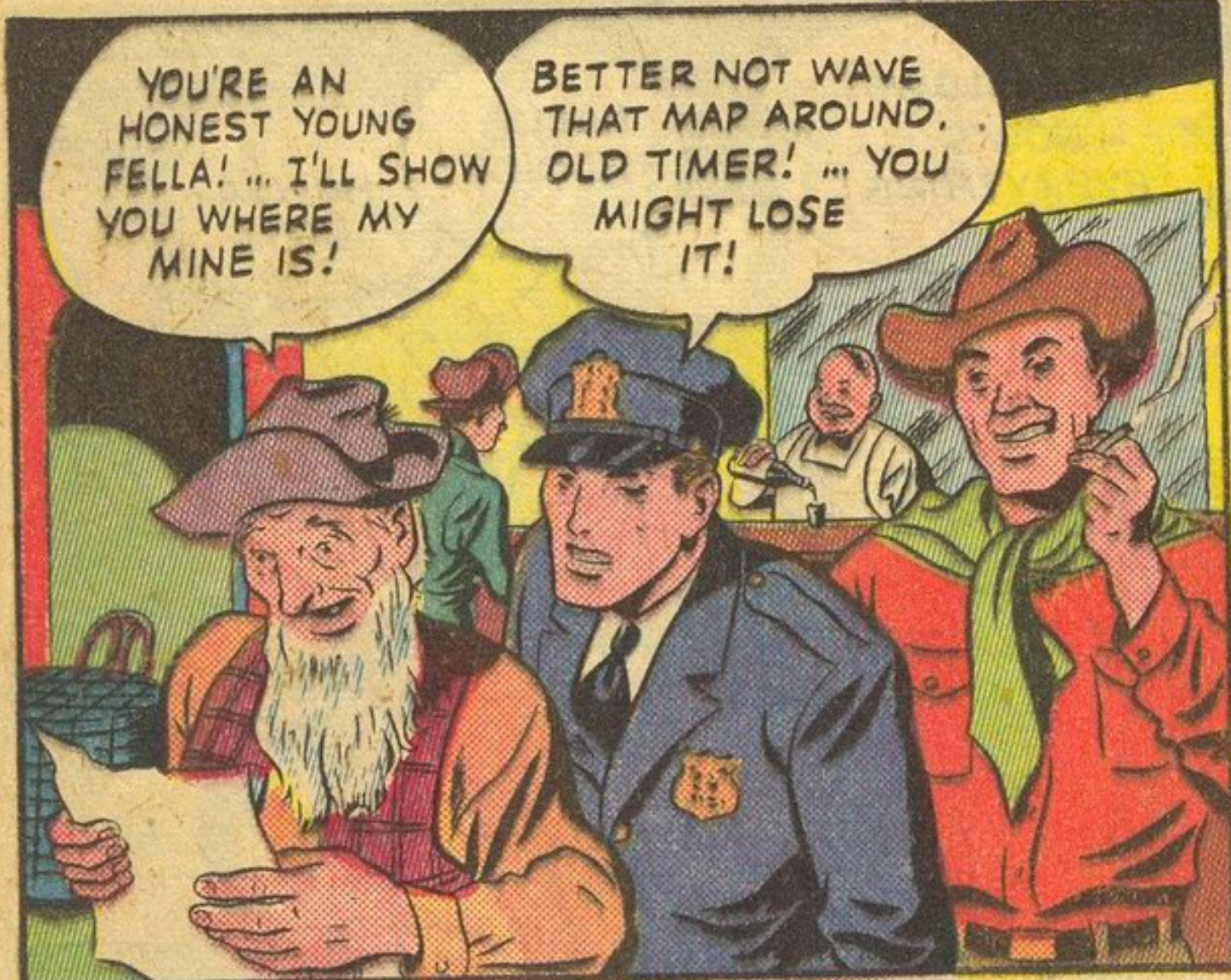
Read the story of OLD JIM, the prospector ... and Rookie Rankin's perilous plight in his effort to retrieve the miner's gold!...

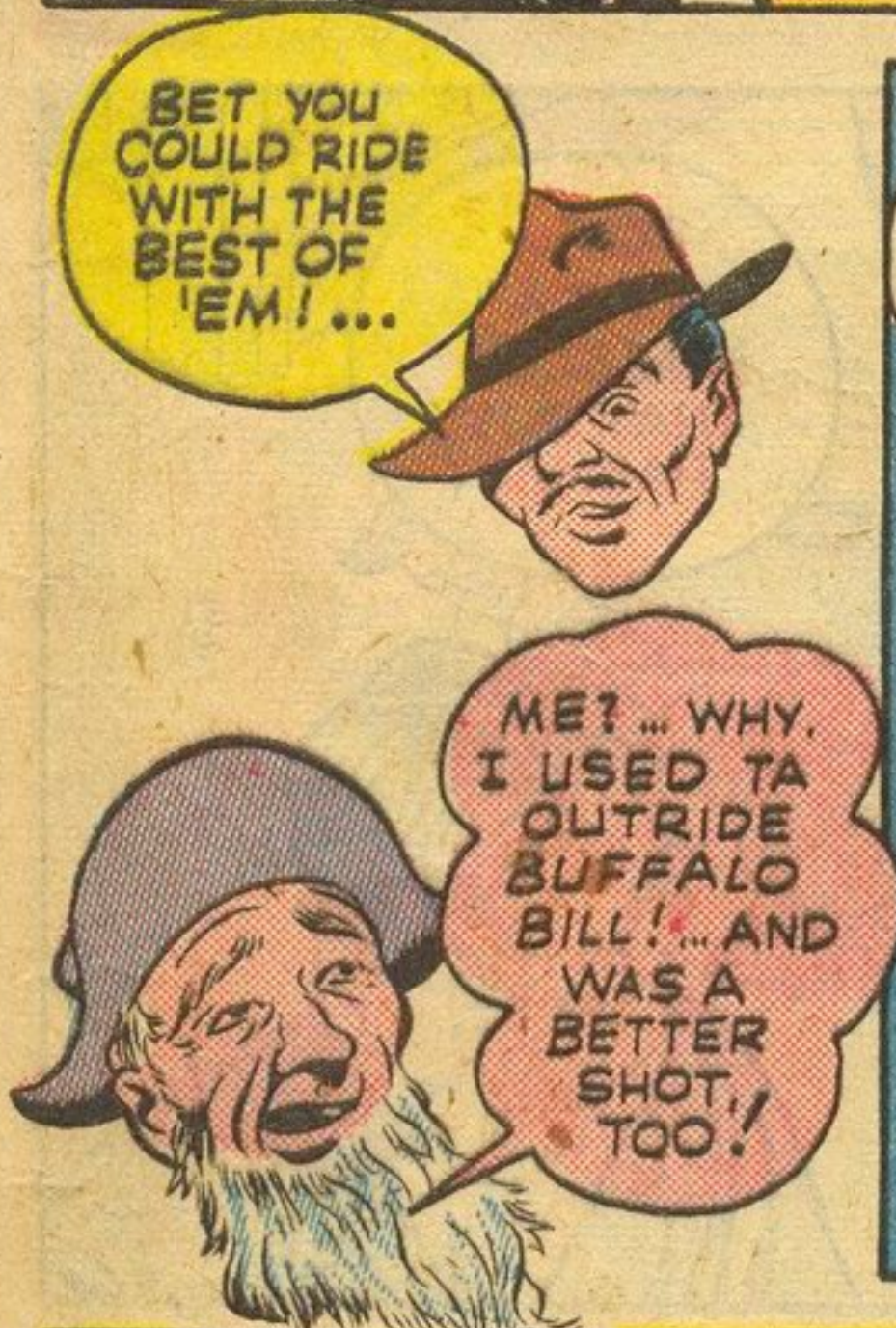
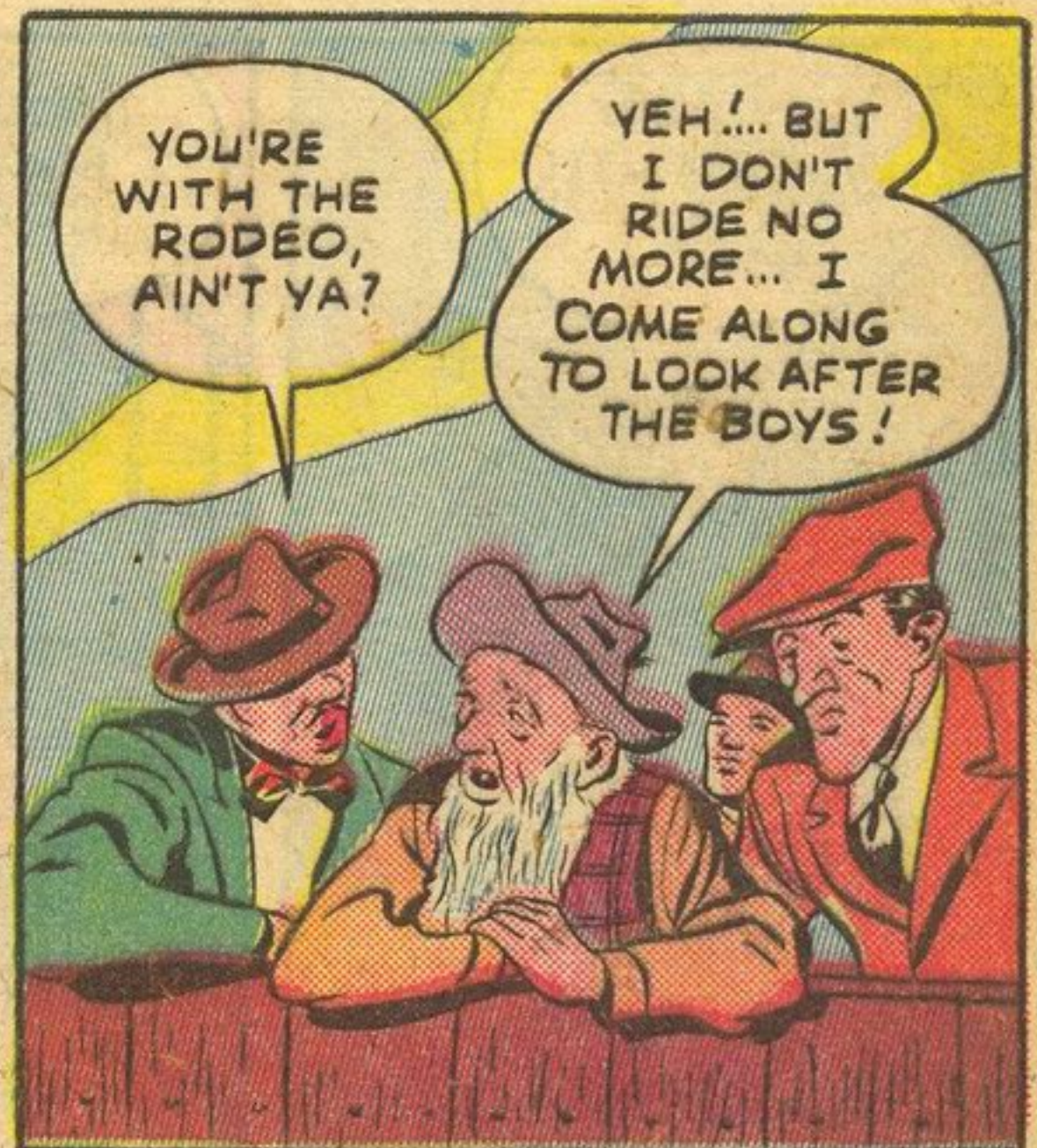


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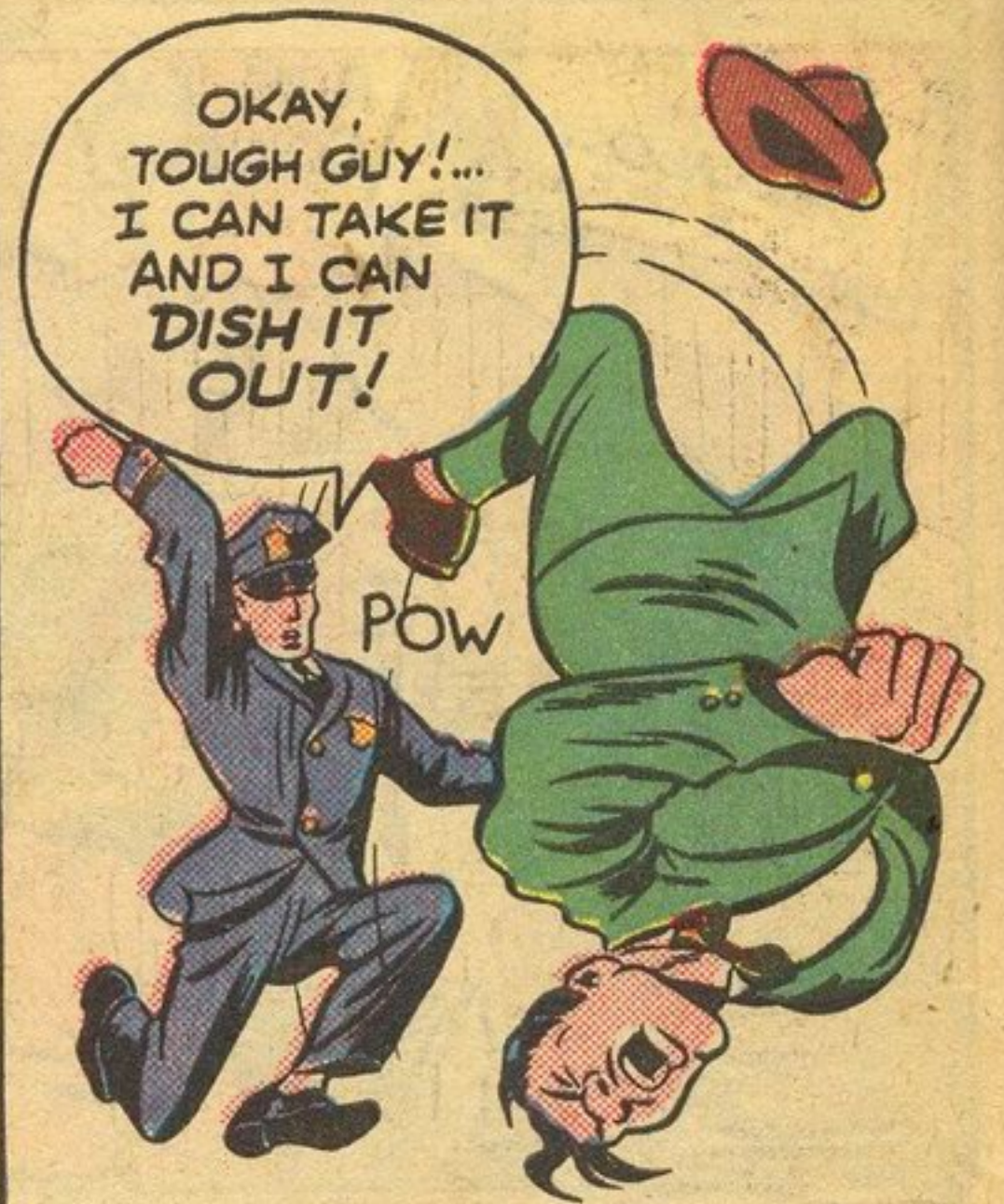


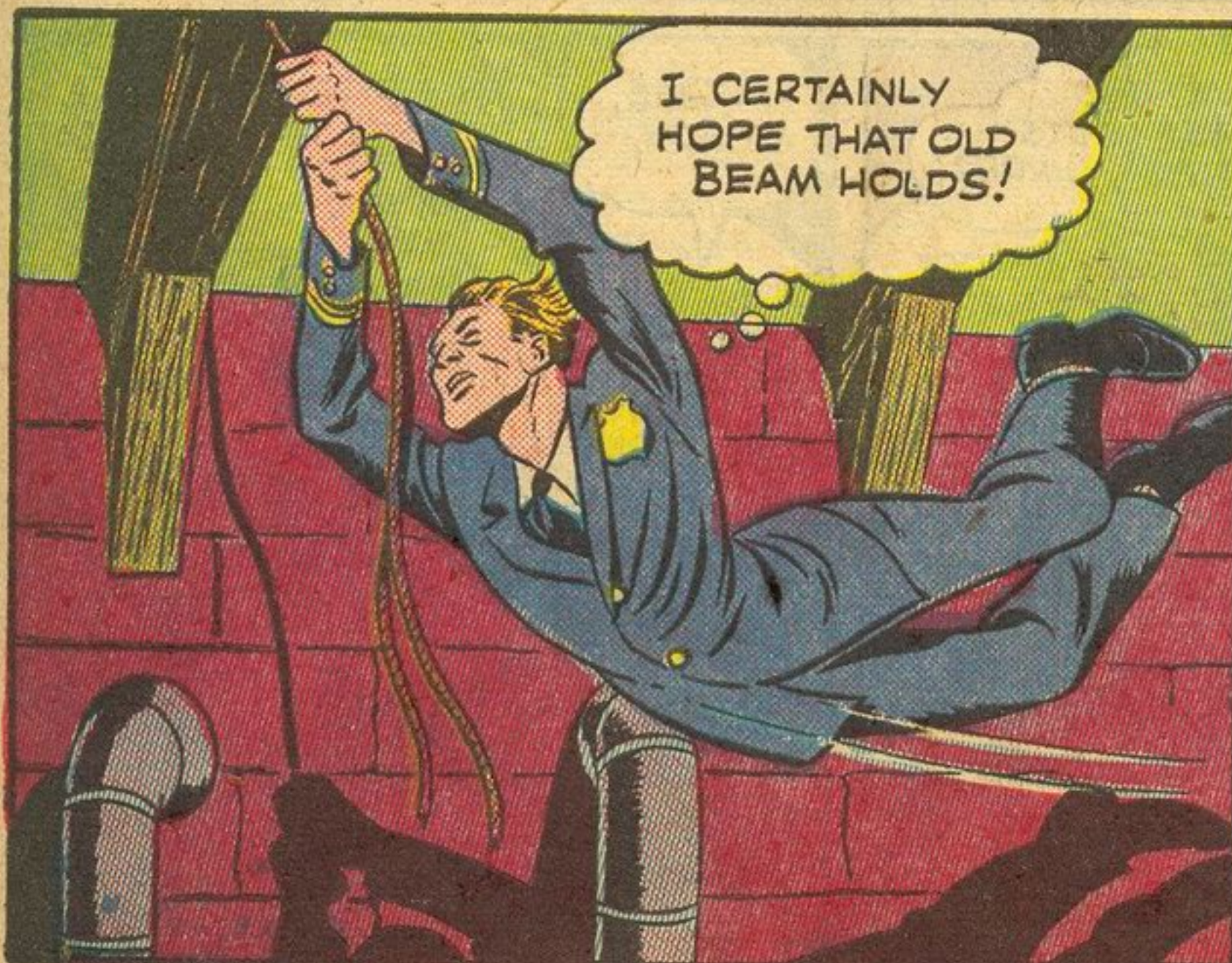
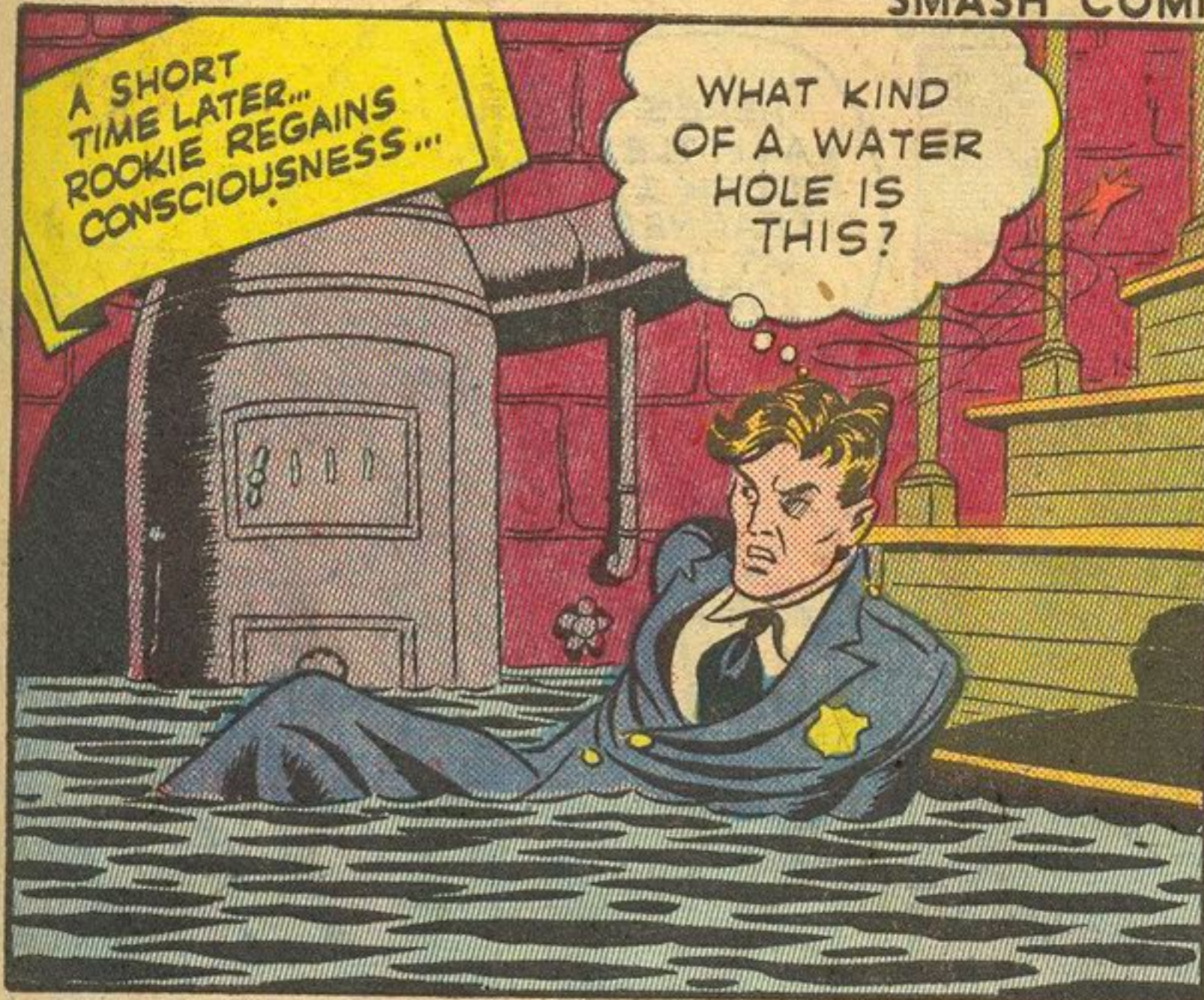
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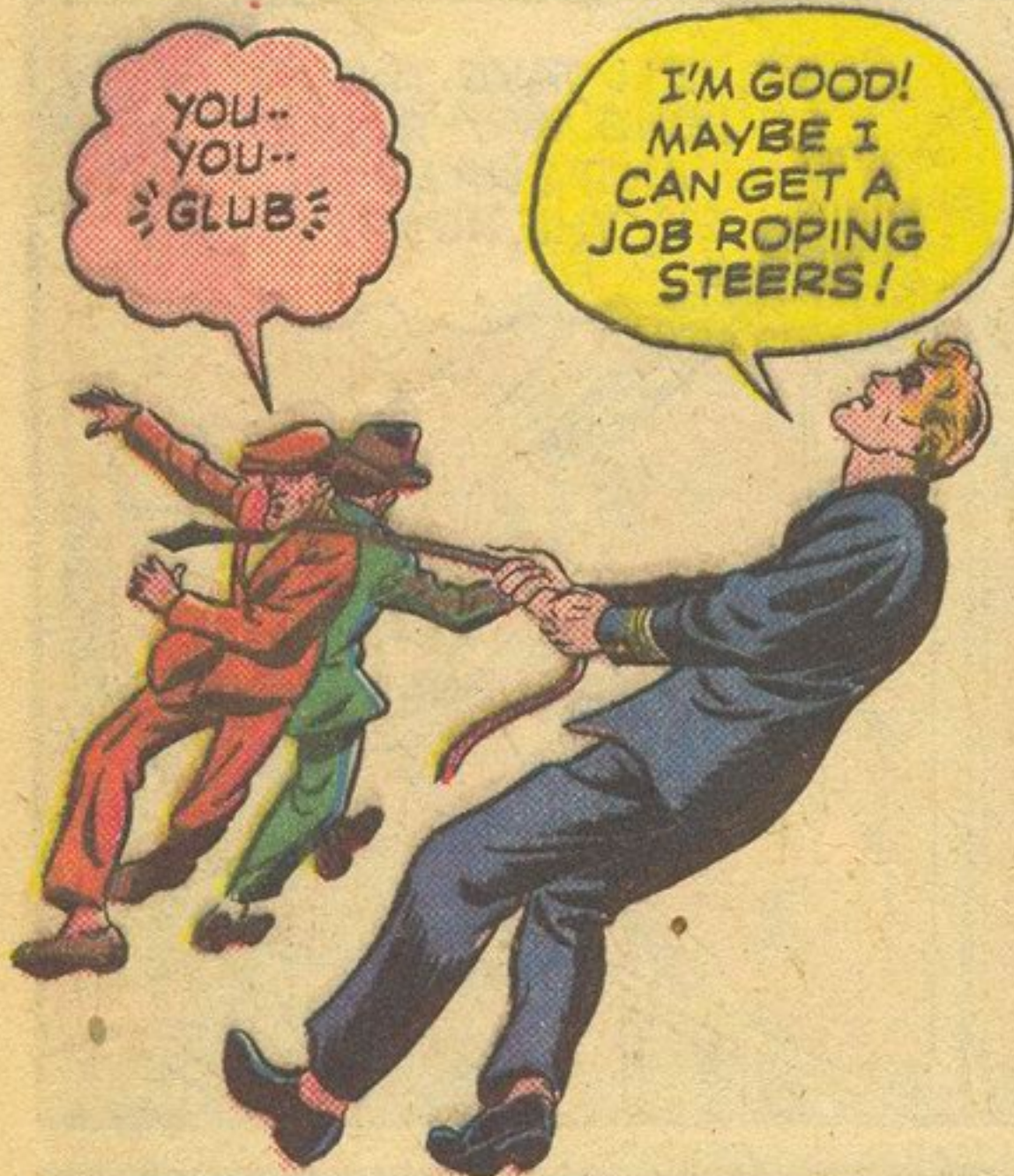
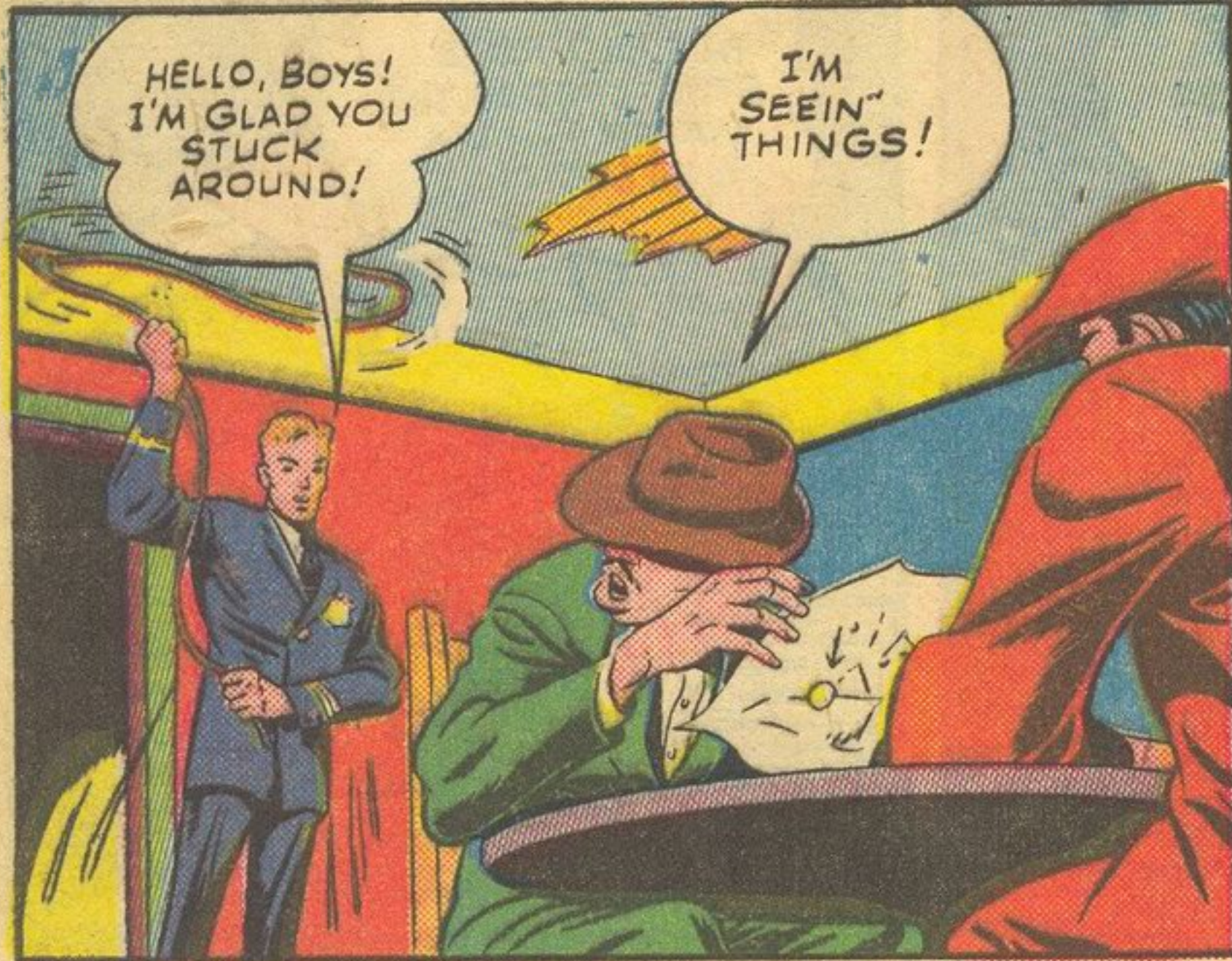


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MY GOLD... MY MAP... ALL I HAD IN THE WORLD!

CHEER UP, JIM! THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!



HI, GRANDPAPPY! --LOOK! SEE WHAT I BROUGHT YOU!

MY GOLD!



HERE'S TH' BIGGEST NUGGET --FOR YOU, ROOKIE!

NO THANKS, OLD PAL! IT'S ALL IN THE LINE OF DUTY!



I'M SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS, ROOKIE!

DON'T MENTION IT!



YOU SEE, JIM'S OLD, SO WE JUST BRING HIM ALONG WITH THE SHOW SO WE CAN LOOK AFTER HIM!

I WONDERED ABOUT THAT...



THE POOR OLD GENT LOOKED FOR GOLD ALL HIS LIFE! LAST SUMMER, THE BOYS COOKED UP A PLOT... PLANTED PHONEY NUGGETS AROUND, AND JIM THOUGHT HE'D FOUND GOLD, AT LAST!

YOU MEAN...?



HE'LL NEVER GET BACK THERE TO OPEN THE MINE! ... BUT I'M SORRY YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR A BAG OF WORTHLESS GOLD!



NOT "WORTHLESS" BOOTS! ... IT'S THE REAL STUFF TO GRANDPAPPY! IT JUST GOES TO SHOW HOW LITTLE IT TAKES TO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY!

ESPIONAGE

with
BLACK X

YOU ARE
GOING TO KILL
THEM, **BLACK X**?
... BUT THEY ARE
ALREADY
DEAD!

LONE-HAND ACE OF ALLIED SPY
SERVICES, **BLACK X** DRAGS
THE WAR SECRETS OF THE ENEMY FROM
THE VERY HEART OF THEIR STRONGHOLDS!
... BUT STRANGEST STORY OF ALL HIS
ADVENTURE TRAIL IS THAT OF THE
FORT ON GLOOM ISLAND, AND

**THE GARRISON
OF GHOULS!**

REPORTING TO THE
COMMANDER IN THE
FAR EASTERN THEATRE
OF WAR...

SIR, I WAS
SENT HERE FOR
SPECIAL ORDERS!

SIT DOWN,
BLACK X! ...
HERE'S A JOB
WHICH WILL BAFFLE
EVEN YOU!

WE'RE PUSHING
THE JAPS BACK FROM
THEIR ISLAND POSITIONS
-- BUT HERE'S ONE
SPOT THEY'RE
DETERMINED
TO HOLD!

I THINK
I KNOW
THE PLACE!
THE SEA
AROUND
THERE IS
FULL OF
MAGNETIC
MINES!

AND THE SKY
OVERHEAD
IS FULL OF
JAP PLANES!
NO BATTLE
FORCE CAN
COME
NEAR!

BUT PERHAPS
ONE MAN CAN!
AND I'LL TRY
TO BE THE
MAN, SIR!



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AND SO, AT NIGHT A SPEED BOAT WITH MUFFLED ENGINES STEALS ACROSS THE CONTESTED WATERS OF THE OCEAN!...

GLOOM ISLAND, SAHIB! ... NO CLOSER IN THIS BOAT! METAL WILL SET OFF MAGNETIC MINES!

THAT'S WHY I'M GOING ON IN THIS KAYAK, BATU! ONLY WOOD AND CANVAS! I'M NOT EVEN CARRYING A GUN TO SET OFF ANY FIREWORKS!

TAKE BATU WITH YOU, SAHIB!

NO! STAY HERE TO PICK ME UP AGAIN AT DAWN!

I CAN SEE THE FORT--UP ON THAT CLIFF!

INHOSPITABLE, THESE JAPS! NO STEPS--NO LADDER! ...NOTHING!

A SENTRY! I'LL HAVE TO JUMP HIM!

HE DOESN'T SEE ME!... HE'S ASLEEP!

YES... ASLEEP! AND SO ARE THESE OTHERS!

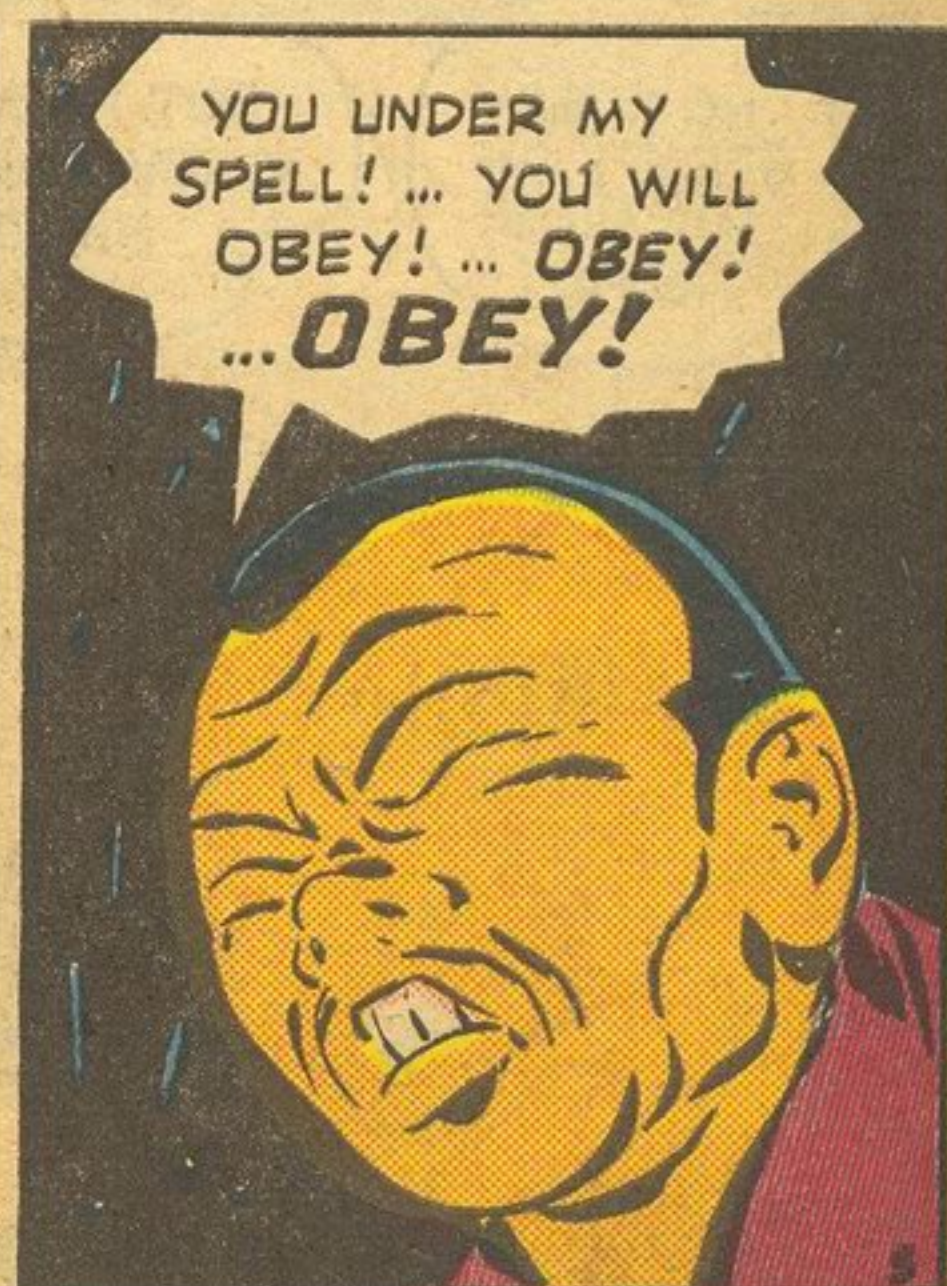
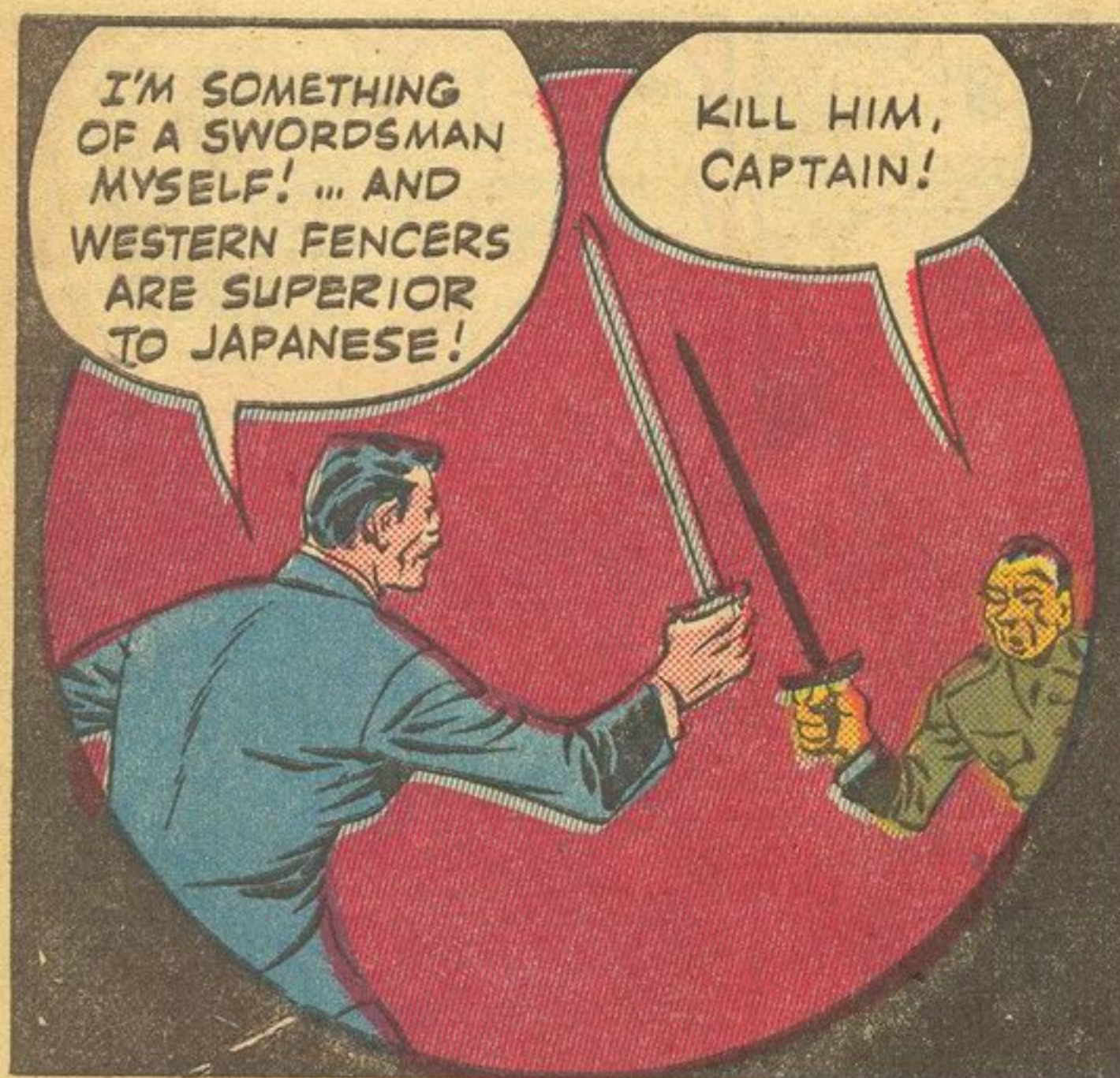
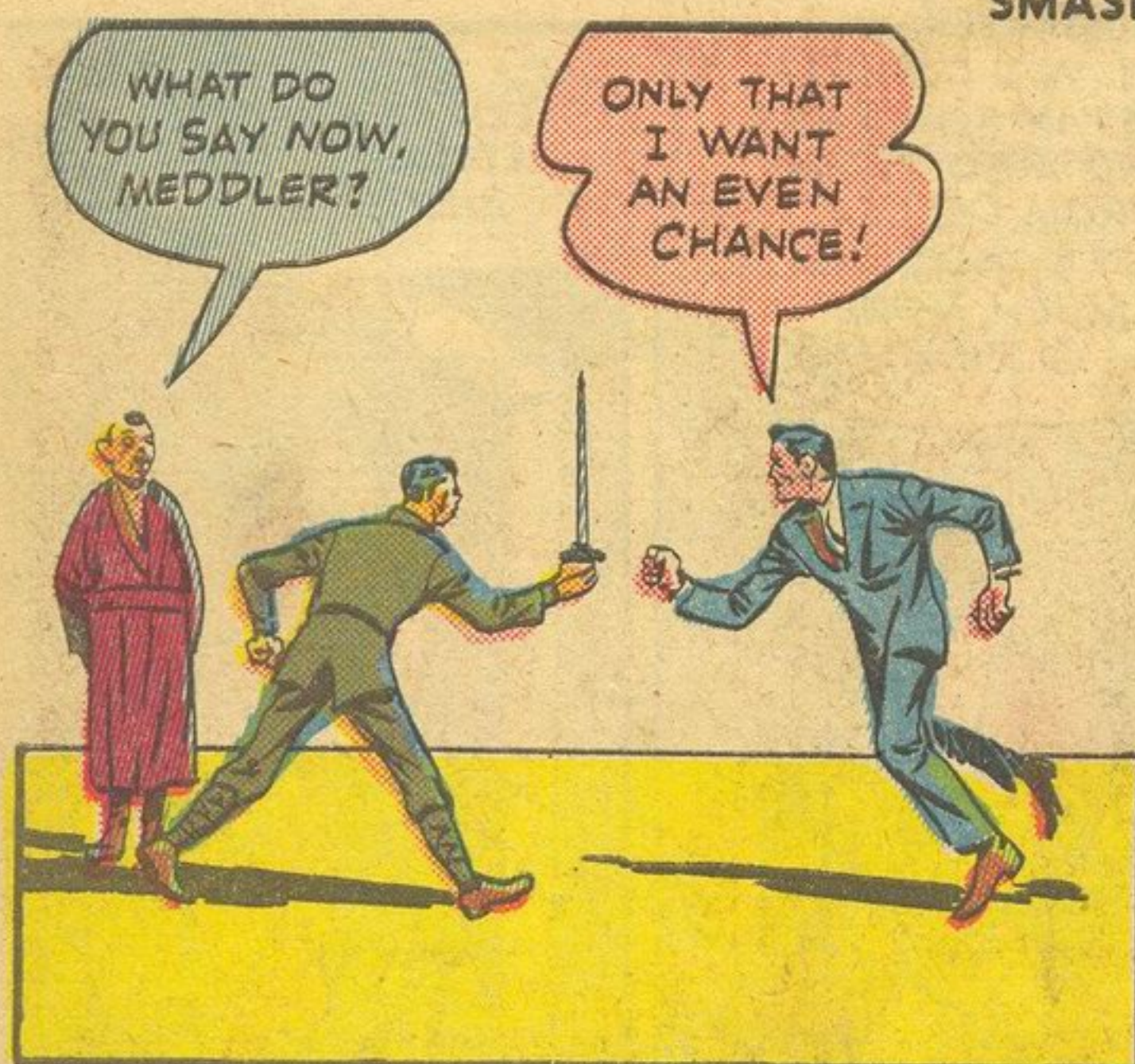
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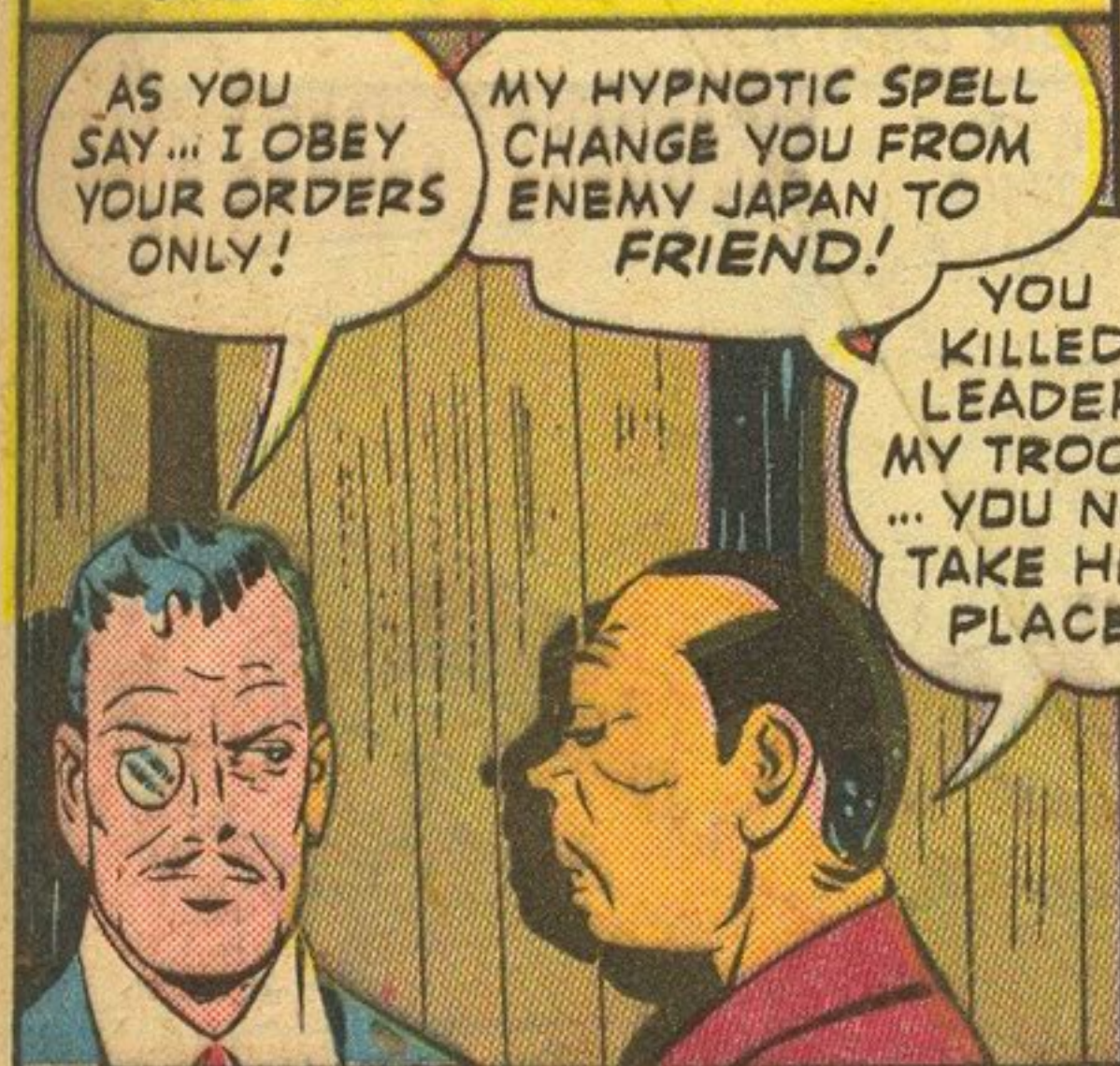
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**AND BLACK X LOWERS HIS HEAD...
DROPS HIS SWORD! ...**



AS YOU SAY... I OBEY YOUR ORDERS ONLY!

MY HYPNOTIC SPELL CHANGE YOU FROM ENEMY JAPAN TO FRIEND!

YOU KILLED LEADER MY TROOPS! ... YOU NOW TAKE HIS PLACE!



SHOW ME YOUR WILL! I WILL DO IT!

MEN! RISE! SALUTE YOU NEW COMMANDER!



SEE? ... I MASTER OF HYPNOTISM! HERE I EXPERIMENT WITH BUT BATTALION! MY METHODS NEARLY PERFECT! NEXT I HYPNOTIZE A WHOLE ARMY!

BUT FOR WHAT?

WE MUST CHECK ALLIED ATTACK! TURN IT TO DEFEAT! OUR MEN NEED MORE THAN HUMAN COURAGE! MUST THINK NOTHING OF DEATH! HYPNOTIZED, THEY WILL NEVER RETREAT-- NEVER QUIT FIGHT!



BUT MY PART? ... WHAT IS IT?

YOU DRILL THEM! TEACH OBEY YOU COMMAND! YOU LEAD THEM WHEN BATTLE COME! HA-HA! YESS-S!



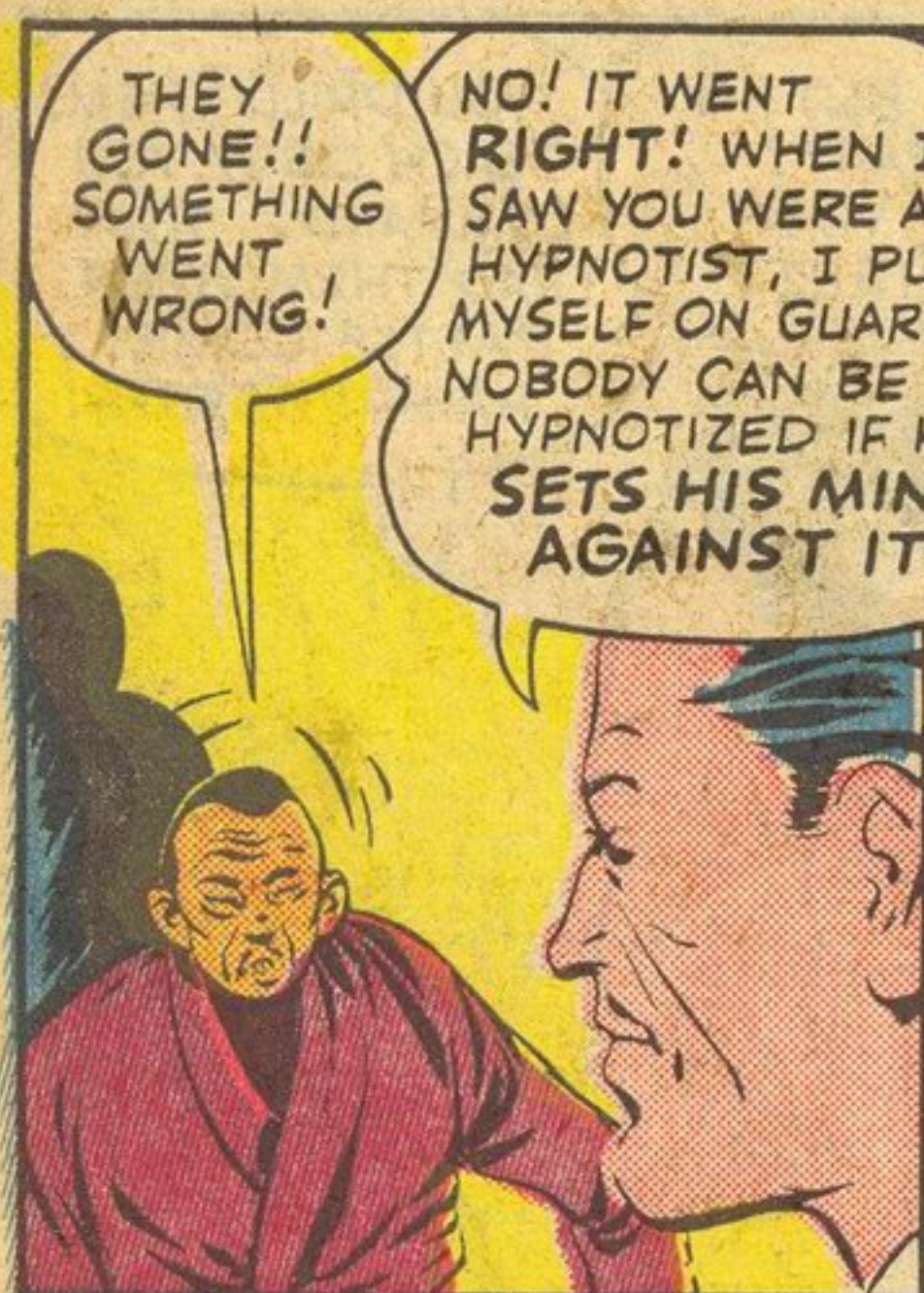
FALL IN! ... RIGHT FACE!

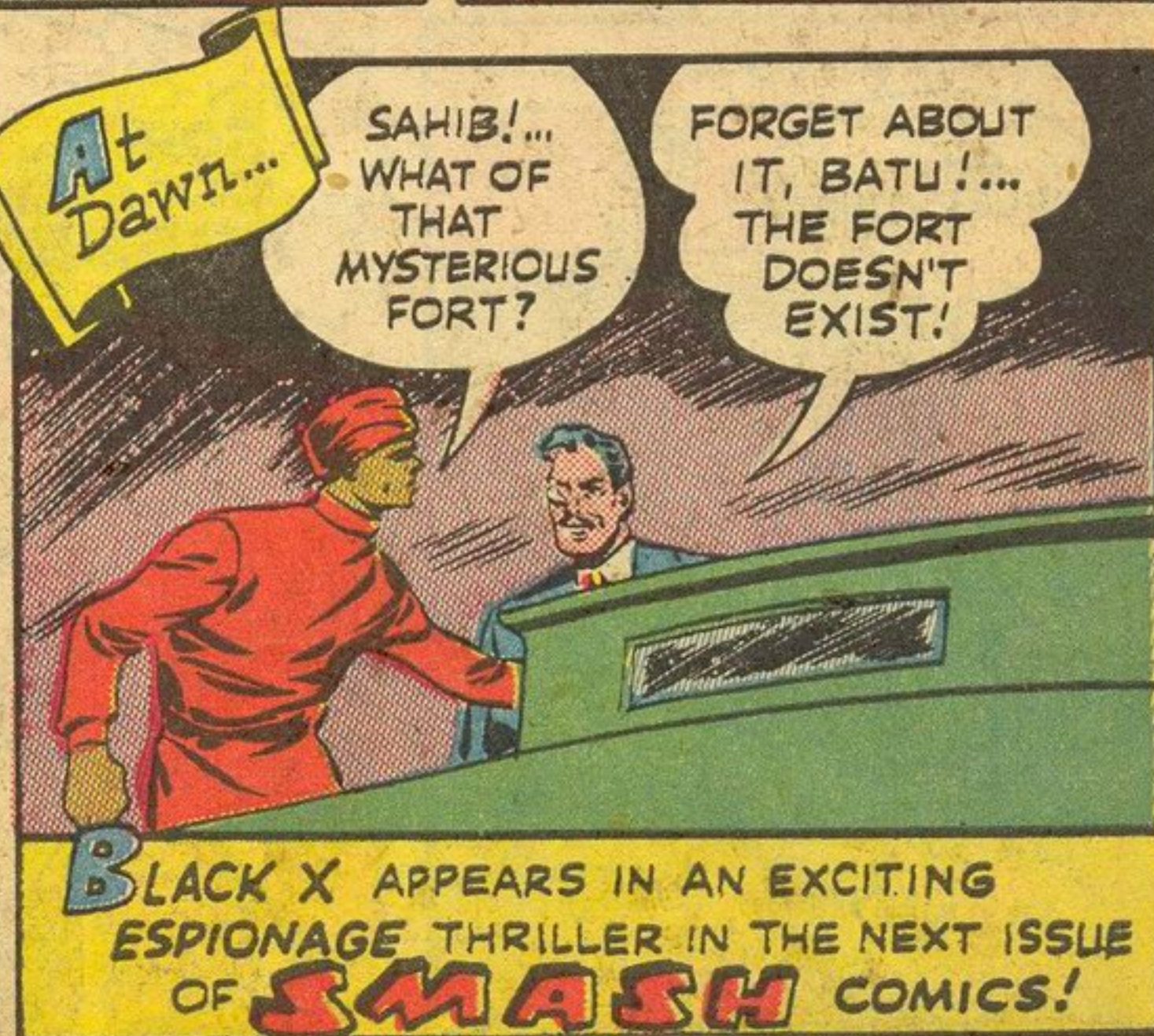
GOOD! ... THEY DO YOU BIDDING WELL! ANOTHER BLOW TO ALLIES!-- WHEN WHITE MAN LEAD MY FORCES AGAINST THEM!



FORWARD.. MARCH!

CAREFUL! THAT OPEN PORT-WAY! THEY FALL INTO SEA!





WUN CLOO



THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE...



SMASH COMICS

THE MARKSMAN

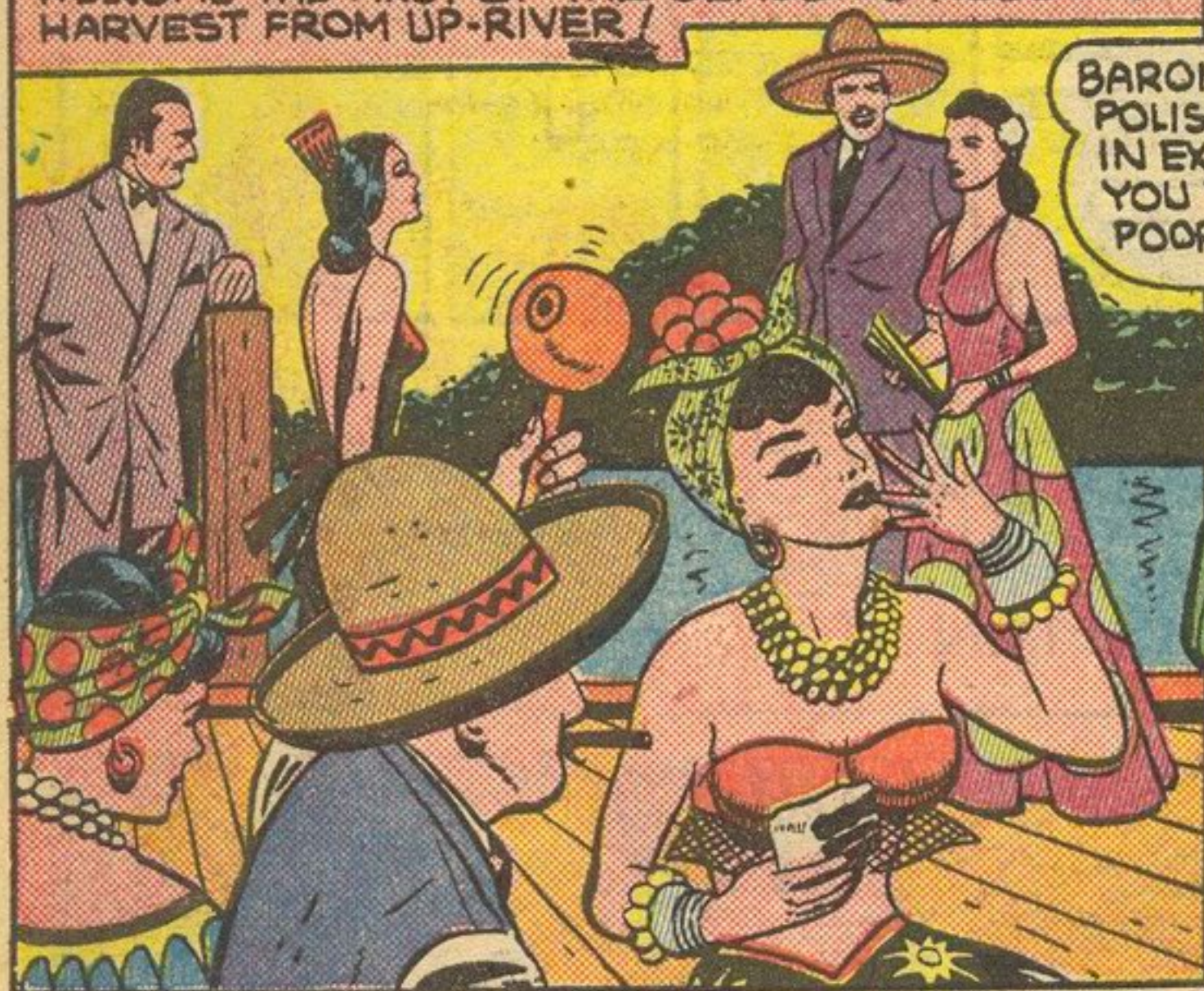
RUBBER-HARVEST TIME IN BRAZIL!! EVERYWHERE FETES AND FIESTAS CELEBRATE A GREAT NATION'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE RUBBER NEEDS OF THE ALLIES, AS GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR TO THE POLISH GOVERNMENT IN EXILE, BARON POVALSKI VISITS SUCH A CELEBRATION..IN TIME TO MEET THE FLESH-EATING HORROR OF AXIS SABOTAGE AND TO BECOME ONCE MORE, THAT TERRIFYING FIGURE OF DESTRUCTION.....
THE MARKSMAN!!!



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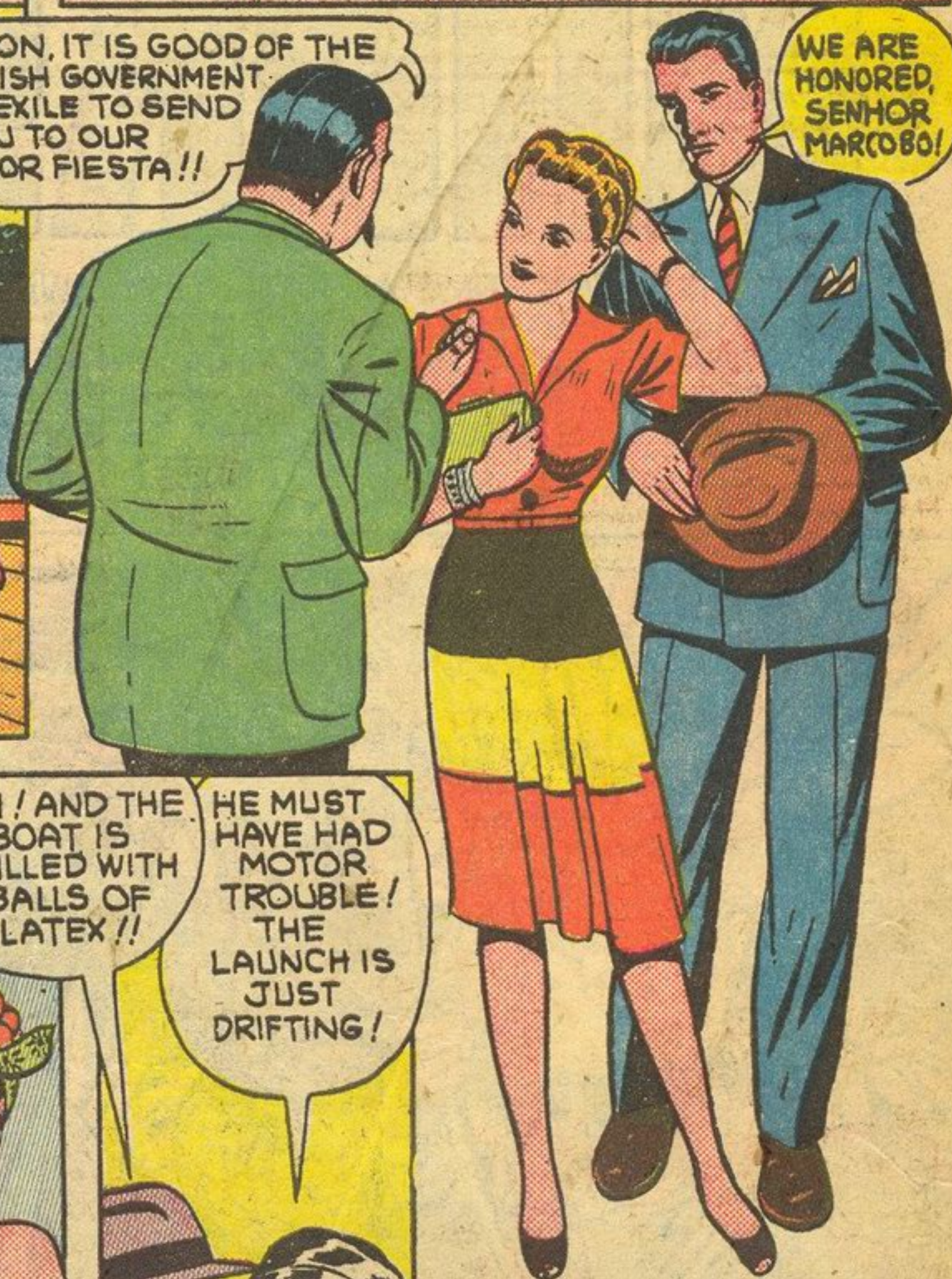
JOAGUA, BRAZIL, WHERE A FESTIVE CROWD WAITS TO WELCOME THE FIRST OF THE SEASON'S RUBBER HARVEST FROM UP-RIVER!

GUEST OF HONOR IS POLISH BARON POVALSKI, WITH ANNA, HIS FIANCEE !!



BARON, IT IS GOOD OF THE POLISH GOVERNMENT IN EXILE TO SEND YOU TO OUR POOR FIESTA !!

WE ARE HONORED, SENHOR MARCOBO!



THE FIRST BOAT-LOAD OF RUBBER SHOULD BE HERE! MY FOREMAN, PEDRO SANTO TOOK THE LAUNCH UP FOR IT MANY HOURS AGO!

ISN'T THAT THE LOAD COMING NOW?

SI! AND THE BOAT IS FILLED WITH BALLS OF LATEX !!

HE MUST HAVE HAD MOTOR TROUBLE! THE LAUNCH IS JUST DRIFTING!



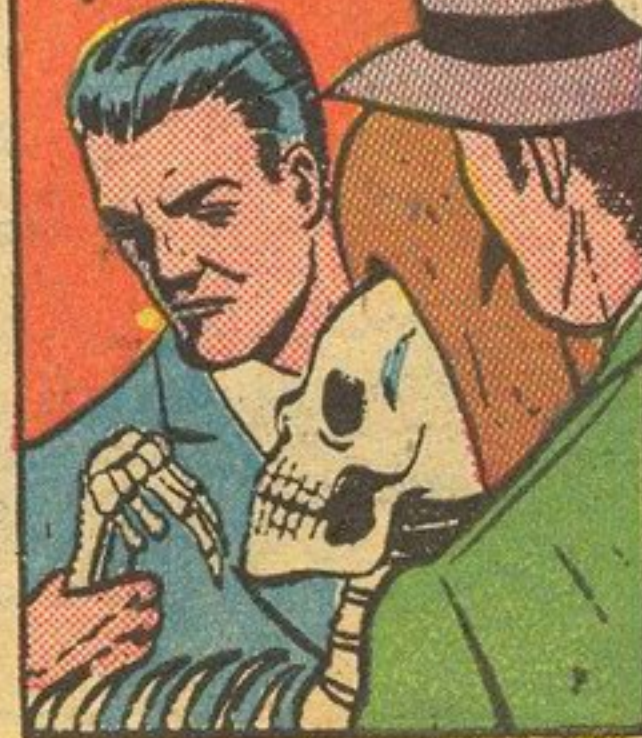
HE'S SO QUIET... EEEEEK!

PEDRO..HE'S ONLY A SKELETON!

BUT PEDRO WAS ALIVE A FEW HOURS AGO AND THIS SKELETON IS CLEAN OF ALL FLESH! ARE YOU SURE IT'S PEDRO!!

POSITIVE! THOSE GOLD TEETH..THE MISSING FINGERS! IT COULD BE NO ONE ELSE!! EVEN IN DEATH HE BROUGHT THE RUBBER THROUGH...

B-BUT THE RUBBER IS GONE! THESE ARE BUT CHUNKS OF WOOD THINLY COATED WITH LATEX!! OUR RUBBER HAS BEEN STOLEN!



SMASH COMICS

A LITTLE LATER, IN THE ROOM RESERVED FOR BARON POVALSKI...

Y-YOU'VE PUT ON YOUR **MARKSMAN** OUTFIT! THEN THAT MEANS...

THAT I'M GOING AFTER THE STOLEN RUBBER AND THE KILLERS OF PEDRO SANTO! YOU'RE RIGHT, ANNA...

ONLY ENEMY AGENTS WOULD SABOTAGE THE RUBBER PRODUCTION AND FLAUNT THEIR MURDER SO OPENLY! THE **MARKSMAN**'S ARROWS MUST STRIKE AGAIN!

THEN I'M GOING WITH YOU...



NO, ANNA! I FOLLOW JUNGLE TRAILS INTO UNKNOWN DANGER! YOU STAY HERE UNTIL I RETURN!!

OH, **MARKSMAN**-PLEASE BE CAREFUL! THE HORROR OF THAT GRINNING SKELETON WILL HAUNT MY DREAMS!

AS THE JUNGLE NIGHT CLOSES IN...

UNLESS MY JUNGLE CRAFT FAILS ME, I SHOULD BE AT THE RUBBER PLANTATION BEFORE DAWN!



WHILE BACK AT JOAGUA, AS DARKNESS HIDES THE CITY...

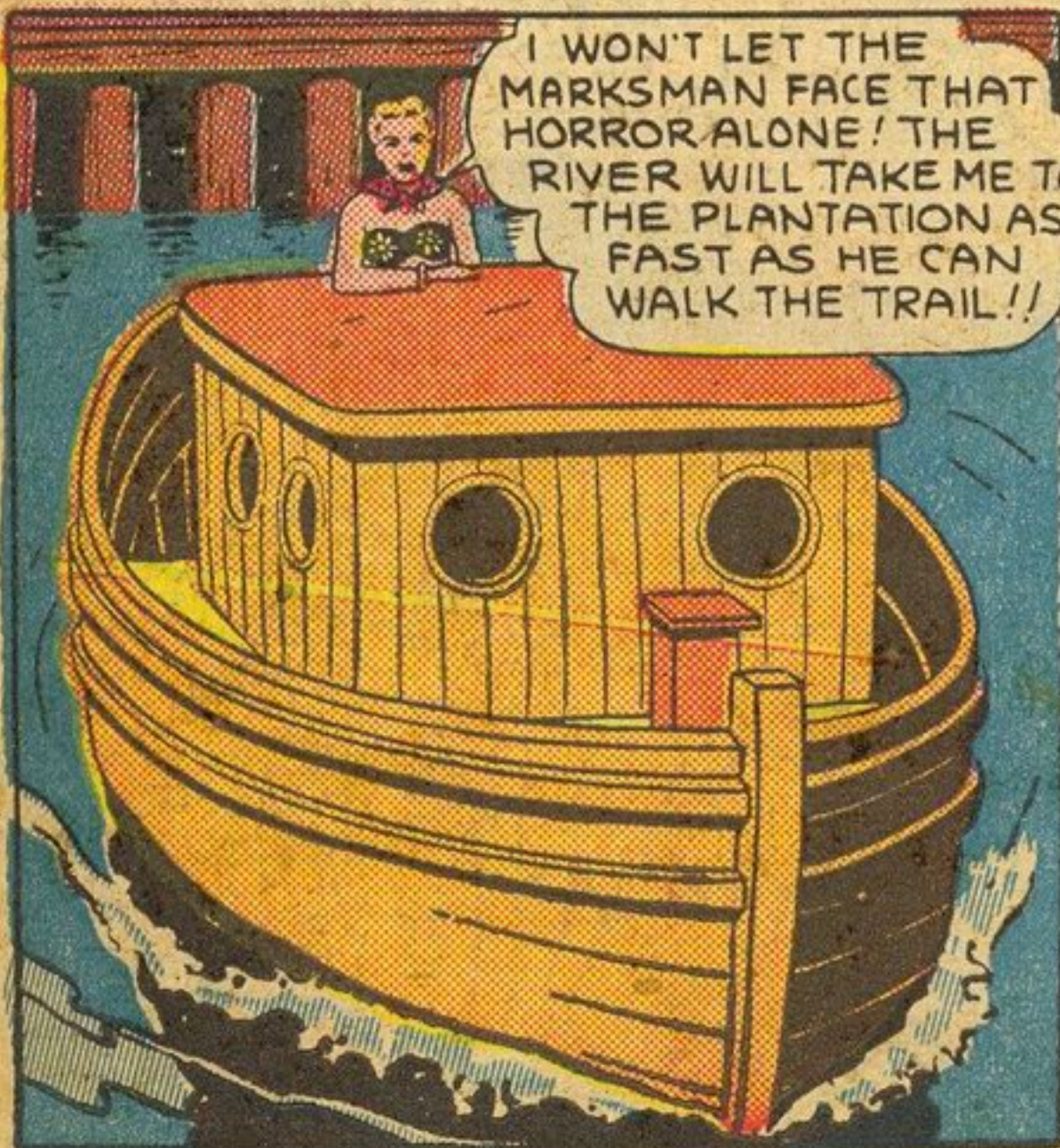
I WON'T LET THE **MARKSMAN** FACE THAT HORROR ALONE! THE RIVER WILL TAKE ME TO THE PLANTATION AS FAST AS HE CAN WALK THE TRAIL!!

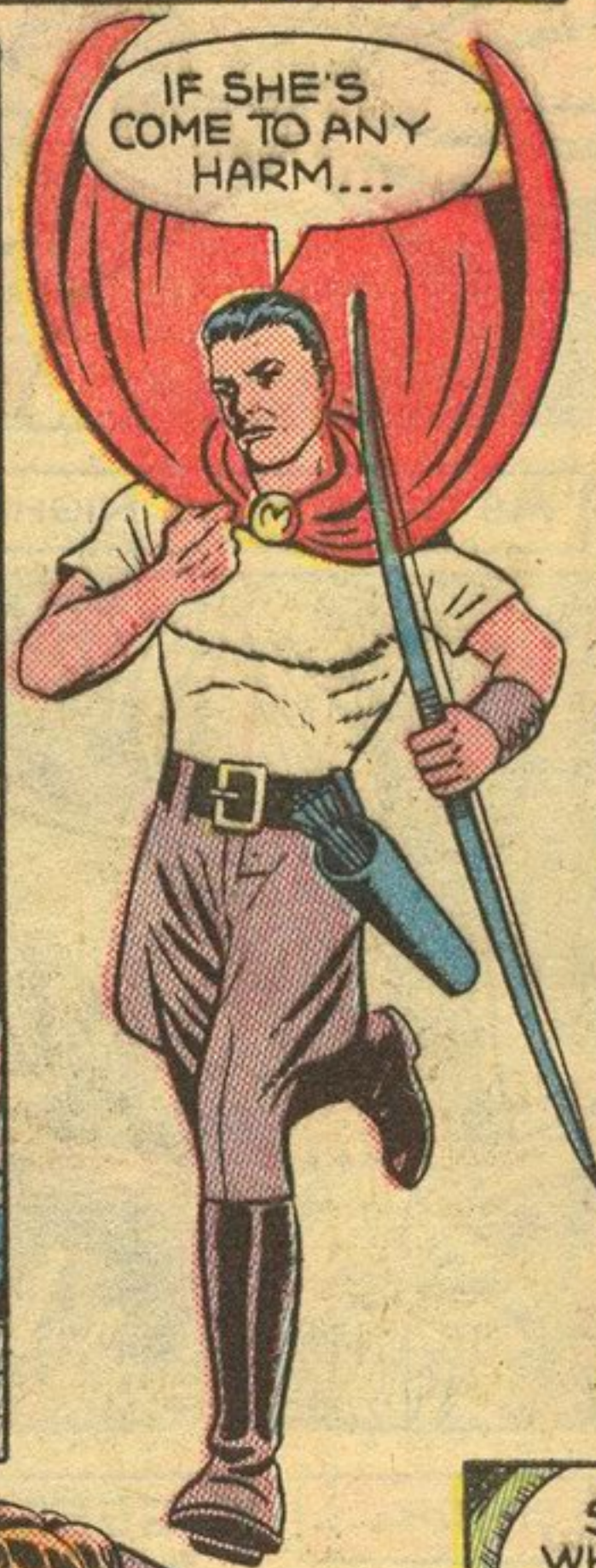
HOURS LATER...

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A LOG! IF I HIT THAT...

EEEEEE!! A MONSTER ALLIGATOR!!

OWWROOR!





SMASH COMICS



TO SECRET CAMP...QUICK!
STRANGER WITH BOW
CANNOT CROSS RIVER
TO FOLLOW!

-MMF-

MEN HIDING THERE SEIZED
ANNA! IT'S TOO FAR TO
SHOOT AND TOO FAR
TO MAKE OUT WHO
THEY ARE! BUT I'LL
FOLLOW...

WHA...? SAVAGE CARIB
FISH!! THEY'RE ATTACKING
THE WOUNDED ALLIGATOR,
STRIPPING HIS BONES!!
THE MOST SAVAGE KILLER-
FISH KNOWN!!



THAT'S HOW PEDRO'S SKELETON WAS
STRIPPED CLEAN SO QUICKLY! AND MINE
WOULD BE, TOO, IF I TRIED TO SWIM
ACROSS!!



JAPS - AND
THE STOLEN
RUBBER!

HONORABLE ITO, WE CAPTURE
HER AFTER STRANGE MAN
SHOOT ALLIGATOR WITH
BOW AND ARROW!



FOOLS! THAT MUST BE THE
MARKSMAN! OUR ALLIES
REPORTED HE WAS IN SOUTH
AMERICA!! WE MUST PREPARE
TRAP FOR HIM!!

THE MARKSMAN?
HE IS DEATH,
THAT WHITE
DEMON!!



QUICK, GIRL! TELL US
WHERE MARKSMAN MAY
BE FOUND OR LEARN OUR
EXQUISITE REFINEMENTS
OF TORTURE!!

NEVER!
YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE ME REVEAL
ONE WORD ABOUT
THE MARKSMAN!

YOU SAW WHAT THE CARIB FISH DID TO THE FOREMAN WHO DEFIED US!! WILL YOU TALK-OR SHALL WE LOWER YOU A BIT AT A TIME!

LET MARKSMAN COME! IF HE DO NOT SURRENDER, WE DROP YOU INTO POOL OF CARIB FISH!! NOTHING HE DO CAN SAVE YOU..

MEANWHILE...

ONE SLIP AND I'M CARIB-MEAT...BUT I'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS AND RESCUE ANNA!!



MADE IT! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN- AND HUNT ANNA'S TRAIL!!



A CAMP- AND JAPS!! MUST BE SOME OF THE THOUSANDS WHO SETTLED IN BRAZIL, PRETENDING TO RAISE COFFEE AND RUBBER!! BUT WHERE'S ANNA?

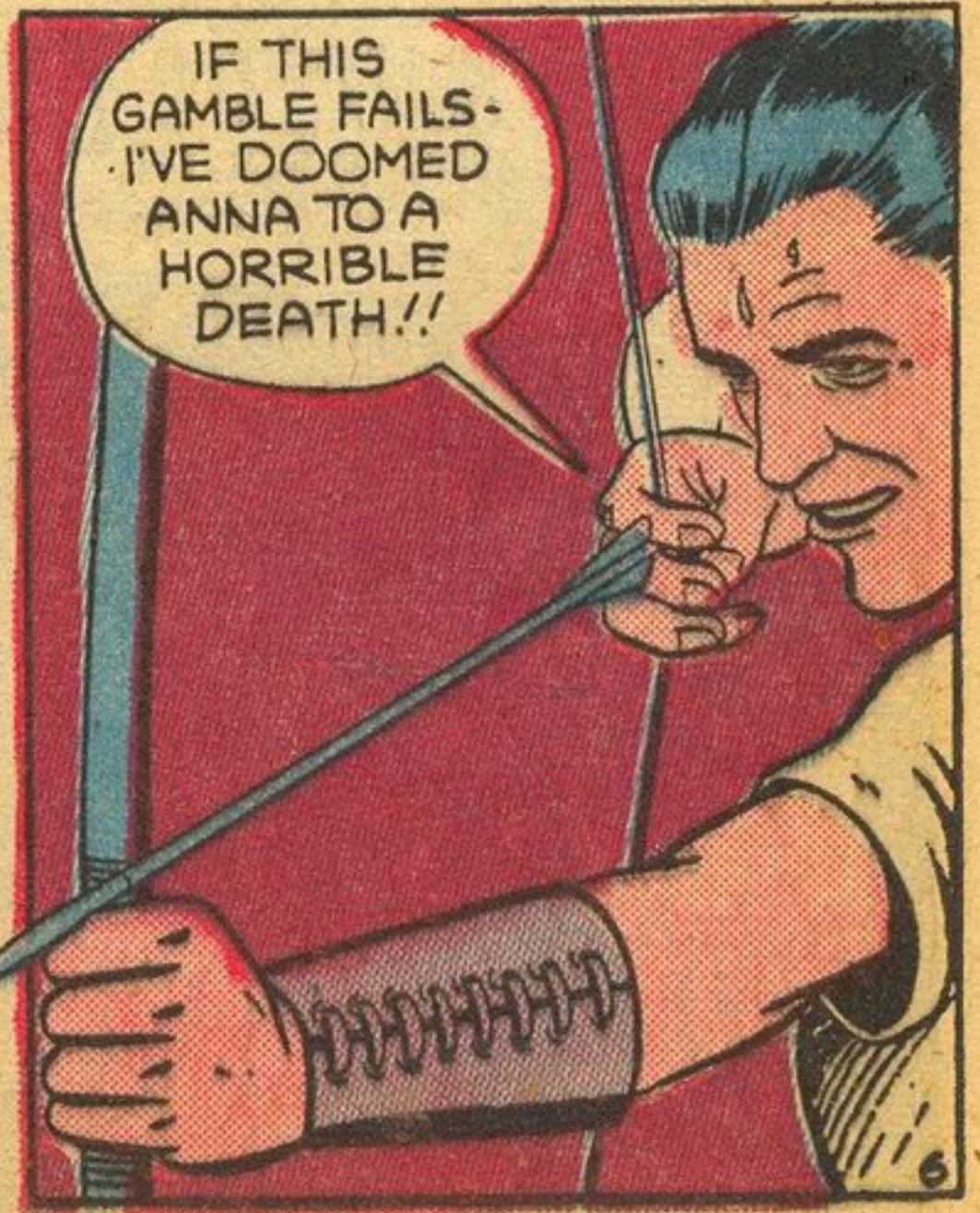


YOU YELLOW RATS! WHEN THE MARKSMAN CATCHES YOU...

THERE SHE IS!! THE RATS ARE HOLDING HER OVER A POOL OF CARIB FISH! IF I SHOOT, THEY'LL DROP HER!! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER...



IF THIS GAMBLE FAILS- I'VE DOOMED ANNA TO A HORRIBLE DEATH!!



SMASH COMICS



THE MARKSMAN!!
QUICK - LET THE GIRL
DROP AMONG THE
HUNGRY FISH!



YOU
MURDERING
BUTCHERS!



AIEEE! KILL
THE WHITE
DEVIL!

STICK AROUND
SLANT-EYES! I'LL
BE RIGHT DOWN!



YOU'RE ASKING
FOR IT, YELLOW-
BACK!!

RUSH HIM!
CROWD HIM
INTO THE RIVER
WITH THE KILLER-
FISH!!



ONE
STEP BACK
AND HE
DIES
HORRIBLY!
CHARGE!

IF
I TAKE
THAT
STEP!!



HE
TRIPPED
THEM!

IMAGINE
THEIR
CHAGRIN!

EEEEK!!
WE FALL!



ITS-IT'S
HORRIBLE-
EVEN FOR
JAPS! I
CANT LOOK!!

DON'T-IT'S NEARLY OVER!
THE JAP FIFTH-COLUMNISTS
ARE GONE AND THE STOLEN
RUBBER RECOVERED!! JUST
ONE THING LEFT...

FORGIVE ME FOR GAMBLING
ON YOUR LIFE DEAR! I SHOT THE
JAP NEAREST THE EDGE, HOPING
HIS BLOOD WOULD DRAW THE
FISH AWAY FROM YOU
WHEN YOU FELL!



AND IT
DID! UGH!
I NEVER
WANT TO
SEE
ANOTHER
FISH!!

ANOTHER THRILLING MARKSMAN
STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS

SMASH COMICS

LADY LUCK

By K.
Nordling

A FISHING HUT ON
THE COAST... OUT-
WARDLY, INNOCENT
ENOUGH IN
APPEARANCE...



BUT WITHIN...

SECRET POLICE CAN
HANDLE THE JOLLITY
THEATER
AFFAIR!!
VERSTEHEN?

DONNER-
VETTER!!
ONLY OUR
JA
WOHL!!
SIEG
HEIL!!

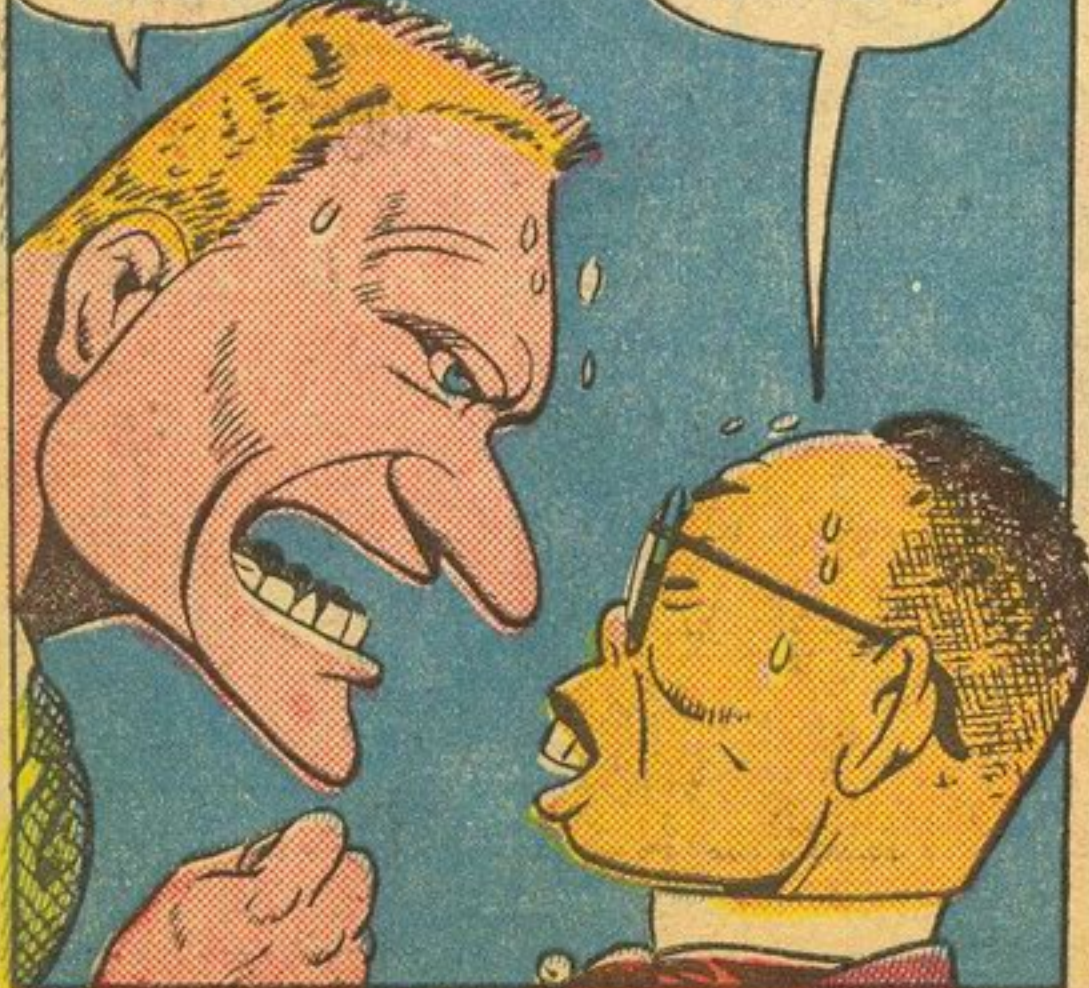


PLEASE TO NOT MEDDLE!!
HERE IT REQUIRES SUBTLETY
---- BALLOON DANCER'S
SECRET MESSAGES ARE
FOR US ONLY!!!



ACH!! YOU
ONLY BUNGLE!
ONLY AN
EFFICIENT
ESPIONAGE
ORGANIZATION
CAN HANDLE
THIS!!

PRECISELY!!
WE SHALL
REVEAL
INEFFICIENT
INFERIORITY
OF OCCI-
DENTAL
MIND!!!

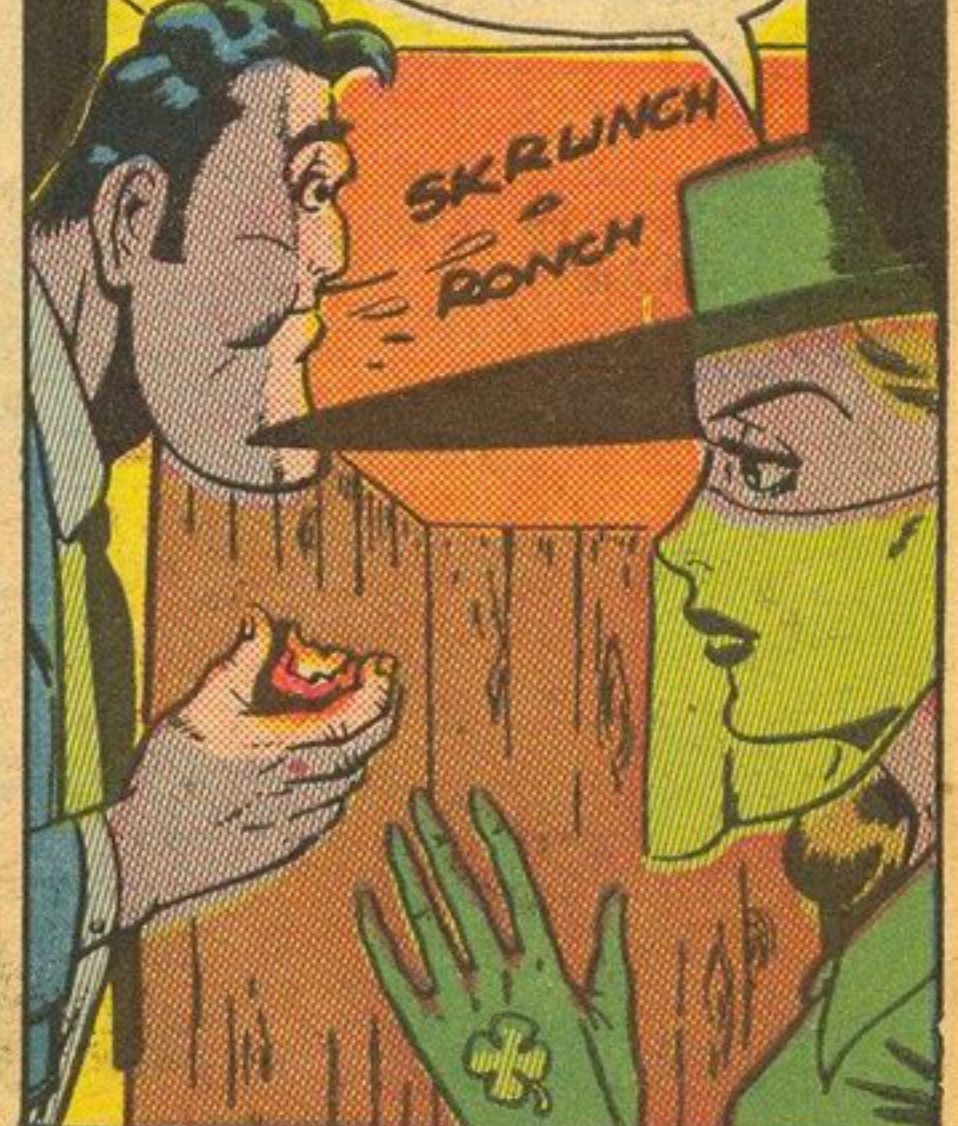


WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE??

SOMEONE
OVER-
HEARS!!



SHHH...
PSECOLO... WHAT A
TIME TO START
MUNCHING
APPLES!!!



SMASH COMICS



EES BE NODDINGS, WE WILL SOON
LADY LUCK... I'MA FEEX !!

FI BL...
...LUG



PHEW!! CONFIDENTIALLY, I DON'T...

THIS IS NO TIME TO TALK! THE JAPS HAVE GONE TO THE JOLLITY THEATRE!! THEY INTEND TO DOUBLE-CROSS US, EH?



I'MA GOT MOSCLES LIKE COW!! WANNA FEEL?

HURRY!! WE'LL TRAP THOSE SPIES AT THE JOLLITY THEATRE!!



YOU COVER THE AUDIENCE, PEECOLO...I'LL COVER THE STAGE!!

AT'SA FINE!!



STEP ON IT, ZELDA! YOUR BALLOON DANCE GOES ON IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!!



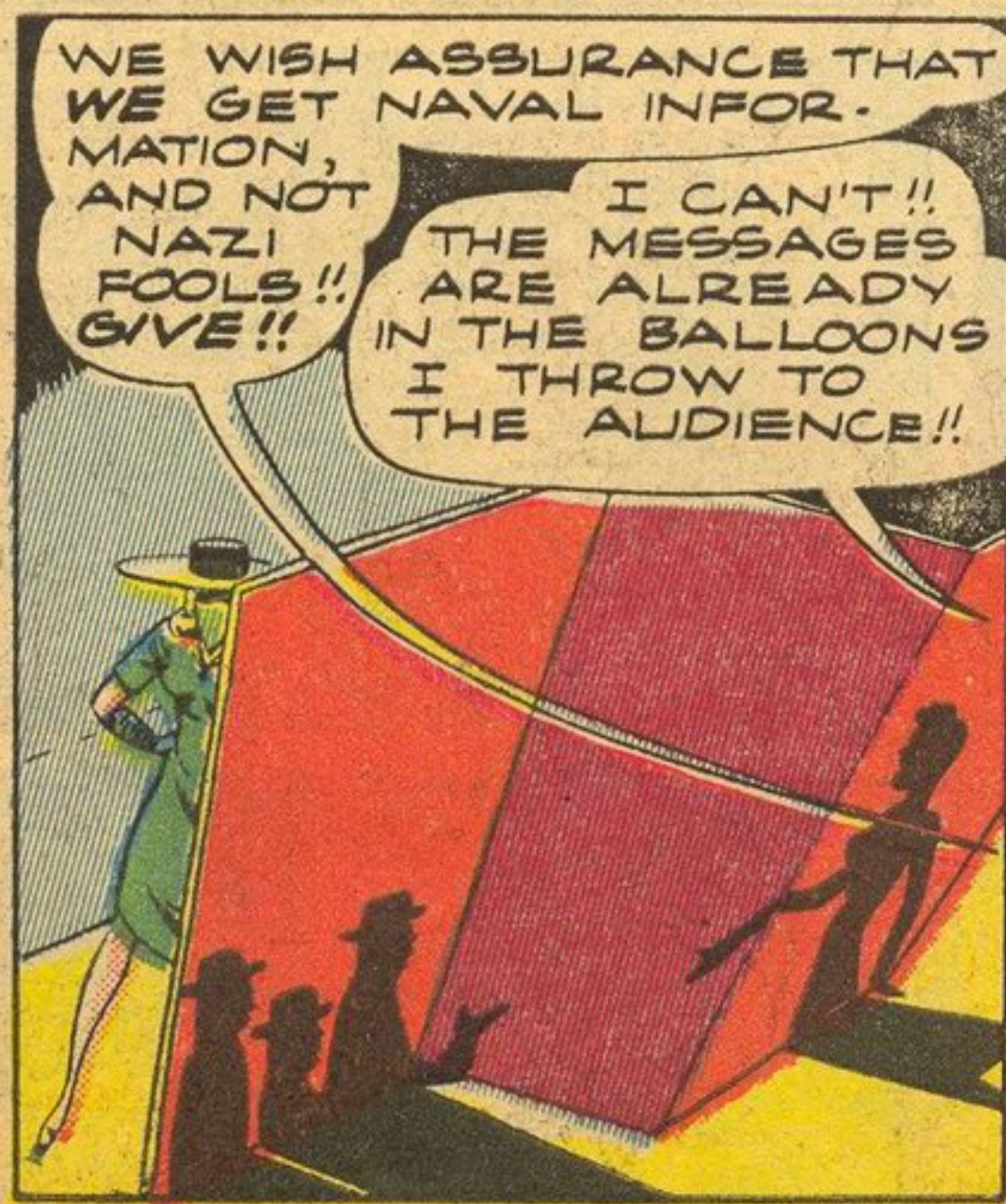
WHO'S THERE? DID SOMEONE COME IN??



I COULD HAVE SWORN SOM... OH!!



WHY COME TO MY DRESSING ROOM? IT'LL AROUSE SUSPICION!!



WE WISH ASSURANCE THAT WE GET NAVAL INFORMATION, AND NOT NAZI FOOLS!! GIVE!!

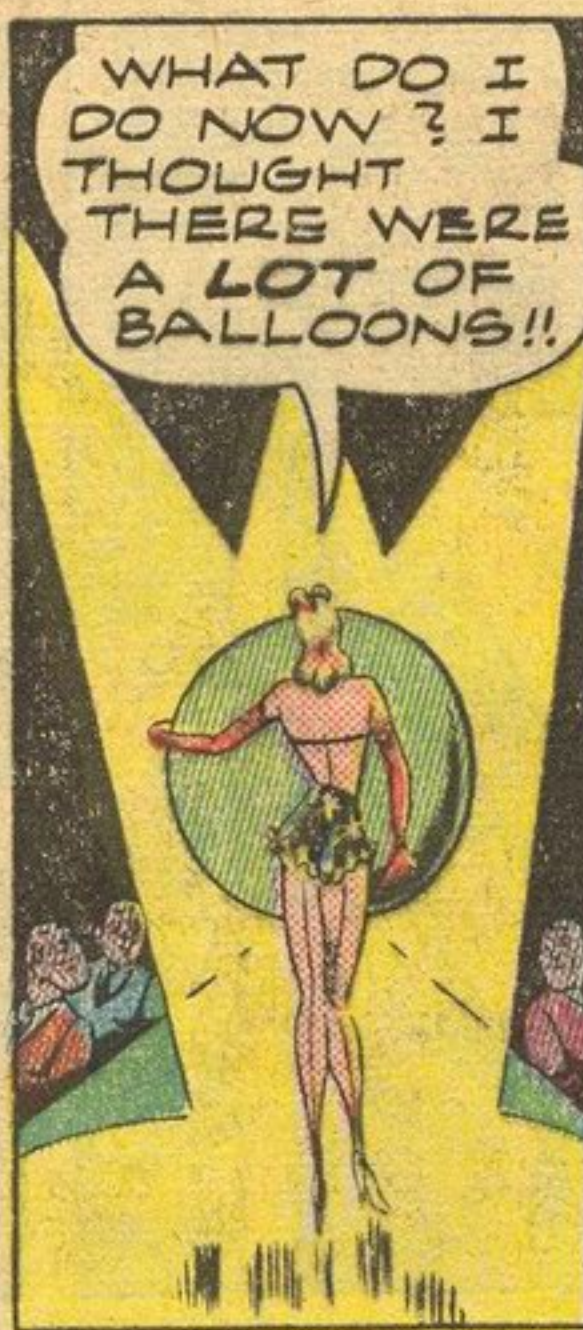
I CAN'T!! THE MESSAGES ARE ALREADY IN THE BALLOONS I THROW TO THE AUDIENCE!!



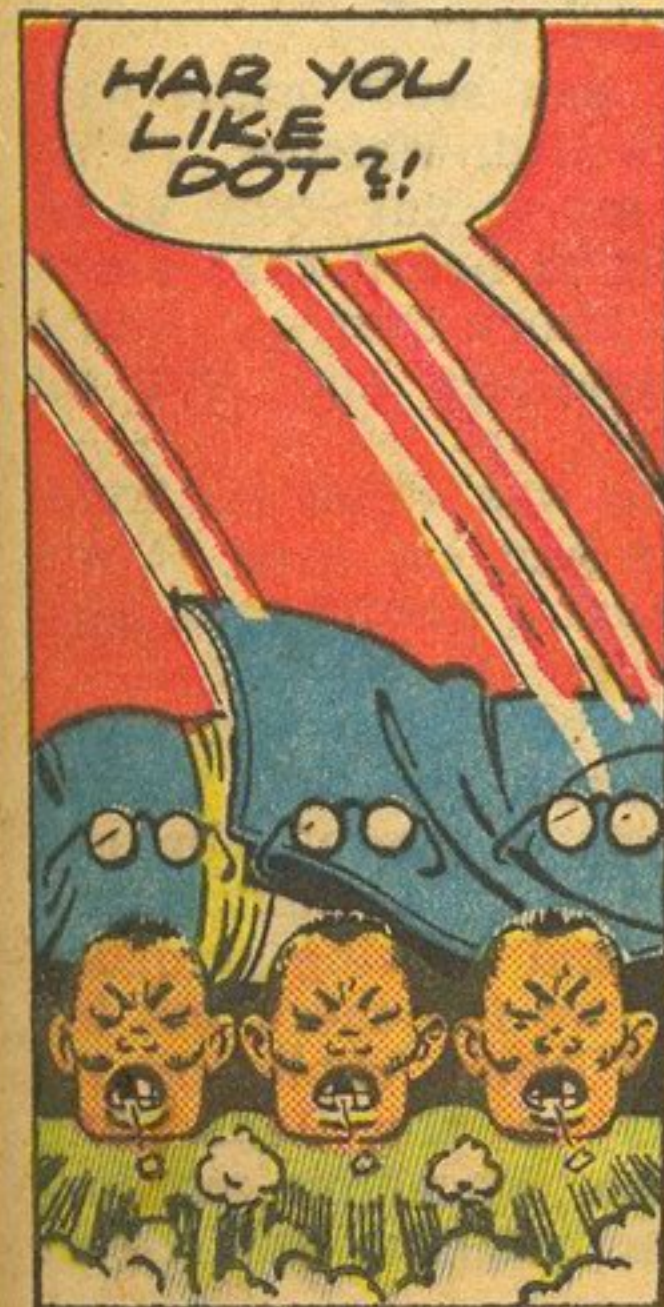
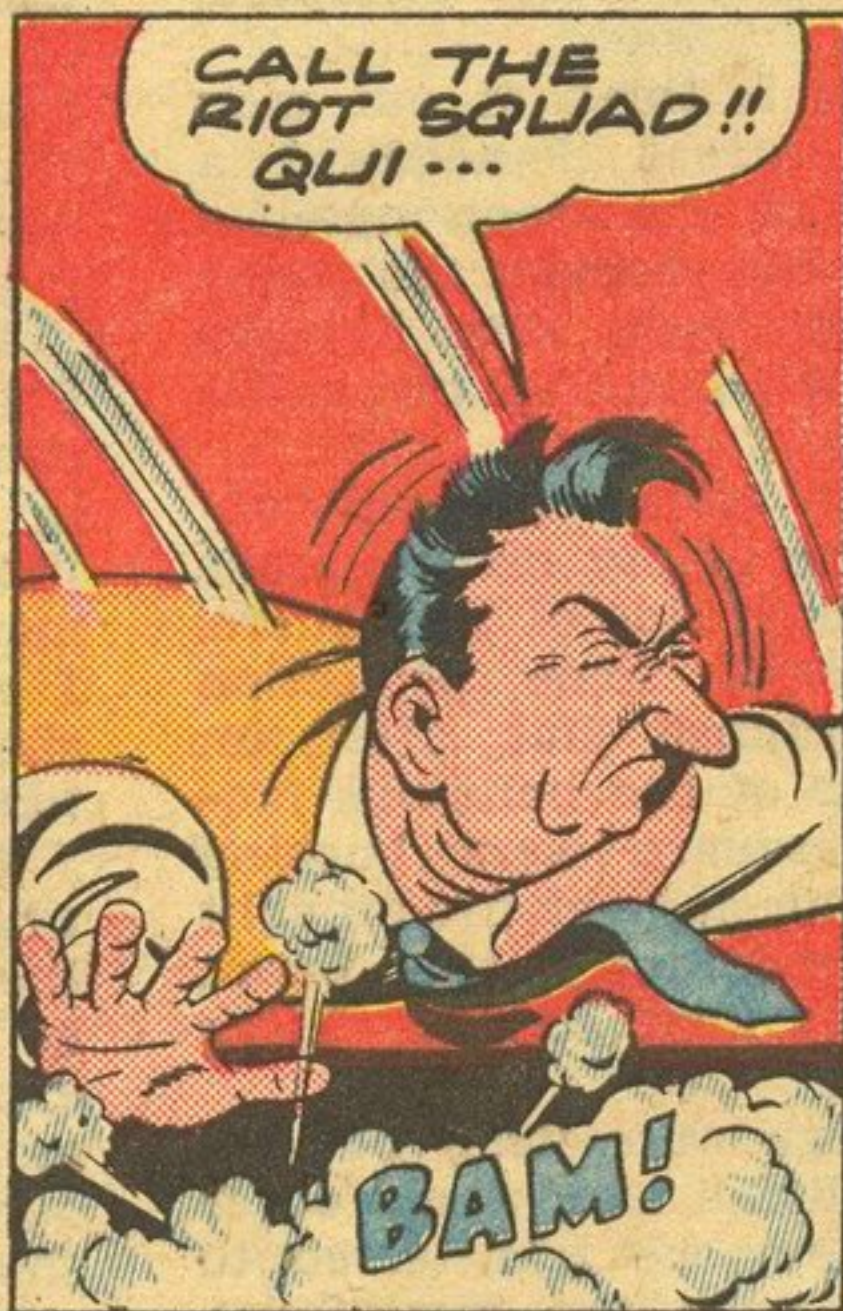
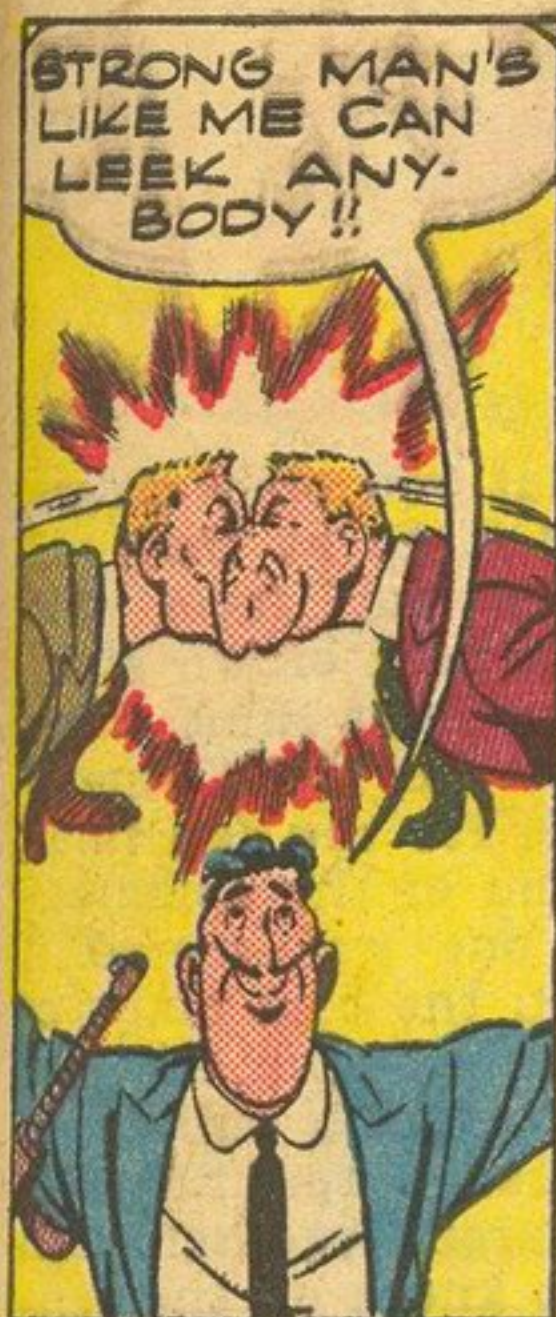
VERY WELL!! BE SURE THE RED ONES COME ONLY TO US!!



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



DRIP VAN WINKLE

FOR two days, earth, sea and sky had erupted fire and death. Manila was a flaming shambles. From the smoldering ruins of buildings came the cries of the injured people. People who, a few days before the Jap bombing, had felt secure, as had those others before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

I won't forget that aerial attack. As a news correspondent, I was privileged to be present in all sectors. It is only by a miracle—and because of the brilliant thinking and incomparable bravery of a young cavalry recruit—that I am here today, chronicling those stirring events.

This is primarily the story of that cavalry recruit, Dewey Van Winkle—known to his comrades as "Drip." He had acquired that unflattering moniker by his crazy antics. Today the name of "Drip" Van Winkle is graven deep in the hearts of every member of that company. Van Winkle the Drip! Van Winkle the Hero!

I attached myself to the cavalry about two weeks after things began popping in Manila. Horses were something new in my rather varied experience as a newsman. I wanted to see just what mounted troops did in action.

Van Winkle was the youngster in the company. A good horseman—but there everything ended. Drip was simply not cut out for the army. He couldn't—or wouldn't—obey instructions. He was always in trouble with his superior officers for insubordination. He was full of cock-eyed ideas and could be counted on to do something screwy in a crisis.

I remember one episode while our company was in a hot battle in the big market place. We had been under heavy fire for three hours and had lost too many men. The Jap infantry outnumbered us five to one. They were crowding us, fighting in the maniacal manner they have, with no regard for casualties. It looked hopeless for us. Then the commanding officer ordered

a retreat across the market square.

Van Winkle, true to form, twisted completely around in his saddle, facing the enemy at the rear, and poured automatic rifle fire into the Jap ranks. All the time he was yelling like an Indian. Then his horse suddenly reared and pawed the air. Drip went over its sleek posterior and landed standing up, still firing wildly. The comical act saved his life. A burst of machine gun slugs ripped through the empty saddle and the horse collapsed, dead.

We lost a third of our men in that retreat. I acquired a memento of the event myself—a bullet hole through the fleshy part of my right arm. I typed with my left hand for two weeks after that.

We had taken up headquarters in the empty market stalls on the north side of the square. They offered some protection from shrapnel. But after an hour, half of the buildings facing the square were burning fiercely. Our ack-ack fire brought down a score of enemy Zeros, but others kept coming, filling the gaps.

The siege wore itself out toward nightfall and, under cover of darkness, we transferred to a sector near the waterfront. There was a heavy Jap concentration in that area and it was partly up to us to clean it out. We were flanked on two sides by the U. S. infantry.

At midnight the C. O. called for three volunteers to sneak through the enemy lines and blast their ammo dumps. I stepped out and offered my services. This was Commando stuff and I was here to write true stories of action. Right behind me came Drip Van Winkle. Two other men followed.

"Only three men on this job," the C. O. said. "You, Christian (meaning me), you, Akers, and —" He paused, looking at Drip. "All right, Van Winkle. But remember you're on a mission from which you may never re-

turn. See that you obey orders, or—" He let it go at that.

We painted our faces and hands with a dark brown stain, to conceal our light skins. Then we melted into the night. Single-file, we made for the Jap lines, around a bend of the embarcadero. I for one was scared. I felt, in effect, the cold blade of a Jap knife in my back, and the crushing impact of a bullet.

We each had a specific task. Akers, in charge, together with Drip, were to knock off the sentries, while I packed a belt full of grenades, to blast the dump. I had never tossed a pineapple. "Pull the pin, count—one—two—three—heave!" I kept repeating the instructions to myself.

Akers got the first sentry. Drip jumped the second, throttling a Jap yell, but Akers got in the counting trick with judo. I slipped through the gap made by the immobile sentries. I wasn't feeling well; ominous silence hung everywhere. It was too silent.

Van Winkle was beside me, whispering something. I sensed the tenseness of him. And then he moved quickly. The blinding explosion that followed hurled me to the ground. Sixty feet to our left a machine gun and crew shot into the air.

"You—drip!" I groaned. "Now you've done it!"

"Didn't you see?" came back Drip's startled whisper. "They were all set to cut loose at us. They must've heard that sentry I tried to knock over. . . . Heave them pineapples and let's get outa here!"

Maybe he was telling the truth. Maybe he had cat eyes. It was a cinch that I hadn't seen anything.

All this speculation and chatter took much less time than it does for you to read it. The next thing I knew I was pulling pins, counting, and heaving grenades. The first two fell short, but the flashes of their exploding revealed us to the Japs. Drip shoved me, knocking me flat, just as a machine gun began

SMASH COMICS

chattering. Bullets whined over my head. Drip was crawling away from me, clutching a grenade. I followed hastily. Any moment a bomb might fall into our midst.

One did. Just behind me. Its blast threw dirt over me and something icy stung my thigh. Shrapnel! I felt the hot gush of blood.

Drip made the cast that did the trick. The munitions dump tore apart with a roar that left me deaf and shaken. A giant wave of wind flattened us both. I heard screams. Then Drip had me by the hand and we were sprinting wildly. Guns barked everywhere. I don't know what gods of fortune watched over us, but none of those slugs hit us. I still say the Nips are lousy shots.

I didn't know which way we were going, but Drip seemed to. Those cat eyes. . . . My leg pained terribly and it was getting numb. Suddenly in the midst of my shortening strides I found myself running through empty space—dark, vacuous space. I hit the water flat. Drip struck right behind me.

"Swim!" he panted. "They're close."

They were. From the wharf off which we had plunged, red tongues of flame stabbed out.

"Dive under!" Drip gurgled.

I felt the cold water close over my head. I also felt the strange, jarring impact of bullets ricocheting as they smacked the water just above us. It was a good thing they were firing from a flat angle.

I was hobbling around in a couple of days, able to go about my work. Drip had a charmed life. I was convinced that he had

saved my life more than once during that Commando business.

It was not until three days later that I learned the importance of the cavalry in war. The Nips had been pouring it on. The grapevine told us that there was no use trying to hold out against such odds; capitulation was certain. Surrender to the Japs—!

Drip was crazy mad. He swore he wouldn't give up. Not if he had to carry on a one-man war against the enemy!

This is the last entry in my Manila journal. I'll be brief and set it down exactly as it happened. Our cavalry company was hemmed in closely in a heavily wooded park. The enemy was using a trench mortar and every so often a horse and rider would simply vanish in an ear-splitting burst. Those mortar shells are potent. We couldn't last long under such a lethal bombardment.

Jap flame-throwers began eating their way through the trees. We couldn't see where to fire. The Japs had us in a tight one, all right. They kept closing in, narrowing the ring of death for us. There wasn't a chance of making a dash for it. Our radio was smashed. If only we could contact the infantry a mile away—but they had no idea where we were stationed.

I knew what the C O had in mind when he faced us later. He was going to tell us that every man was on his own; that we were forced to surrender.

"Wait!" cried Drip. "I've got an idea!" He turned and sprinted into the ruins of the Manila Museum at our back. A few minutes later a strange apparition clanked out and down the stone

steps. With considerable effort, the bizarre apparition mounted a horse and said, "I'm gonna go get that infantry!" Horse and rider were off then, at a dead gallop.

Nobody said anything. Everybody knew. We all heard the cessation of enemy shooting; the Japs must have thought they were seeing things. But abruptly rifles began roaring. We wondered. . . .

Capt. Angus MacCloud of the U. S. Infantry is going to finish the strange story.

"We saw it coming and we rubbed our eyes. A knight it was! A knight in armour of the 16th century! He fell off his horse before he reached us. It took four men to pick him up, he was so heavy in that iron suit. We got the breast and back-plates off. There was a bullet hole in the back-plate, a .50 calibre slug made it, and there were plenty of other dents from machine gun bullets. There was a hole in the guy's back, too, just under the right shoulder blade. . . ."

That's all there is to the story of Cavalry Recruit Drip Van Winkle. Well, almost. Yes, the infantry got to us in time.

Six months have passed. The Japs have Manila, which is several thousand miles away. Drip is coming over tonight. We're going to do a story together, if Drip has time. Sure, Drip is going back, when his wounds are healed. He's going back to drive the Japs out of the Philippines. You see, there is an intense family pride in Drip. He'll tell you, pridefully, that Dewey took Manila Bay from the Spaniards. And he'll tell you too that Admiral Dewey was his great-uncle.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of SMASH COMICS published monthly except December and June at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1943

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Martin DeMuth, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.)
Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Smash Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

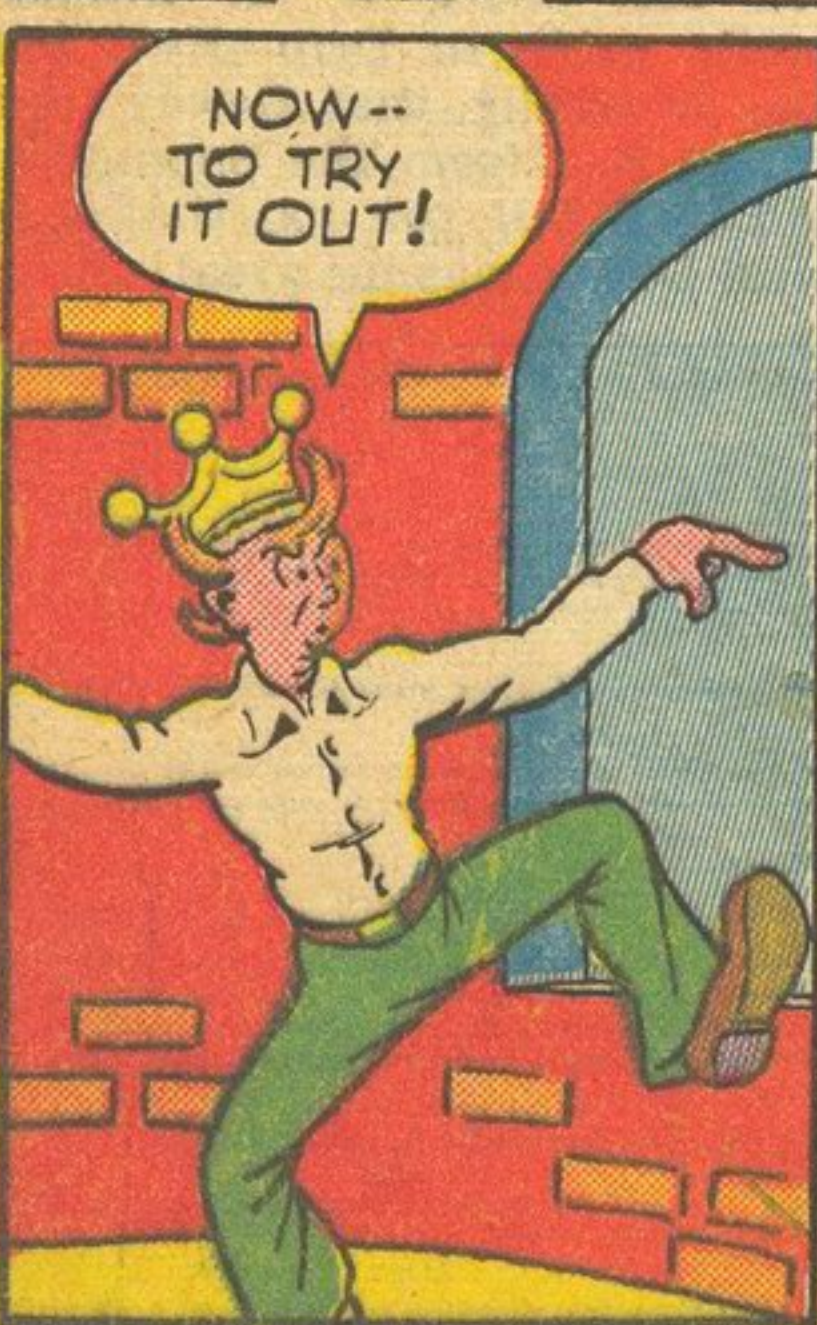
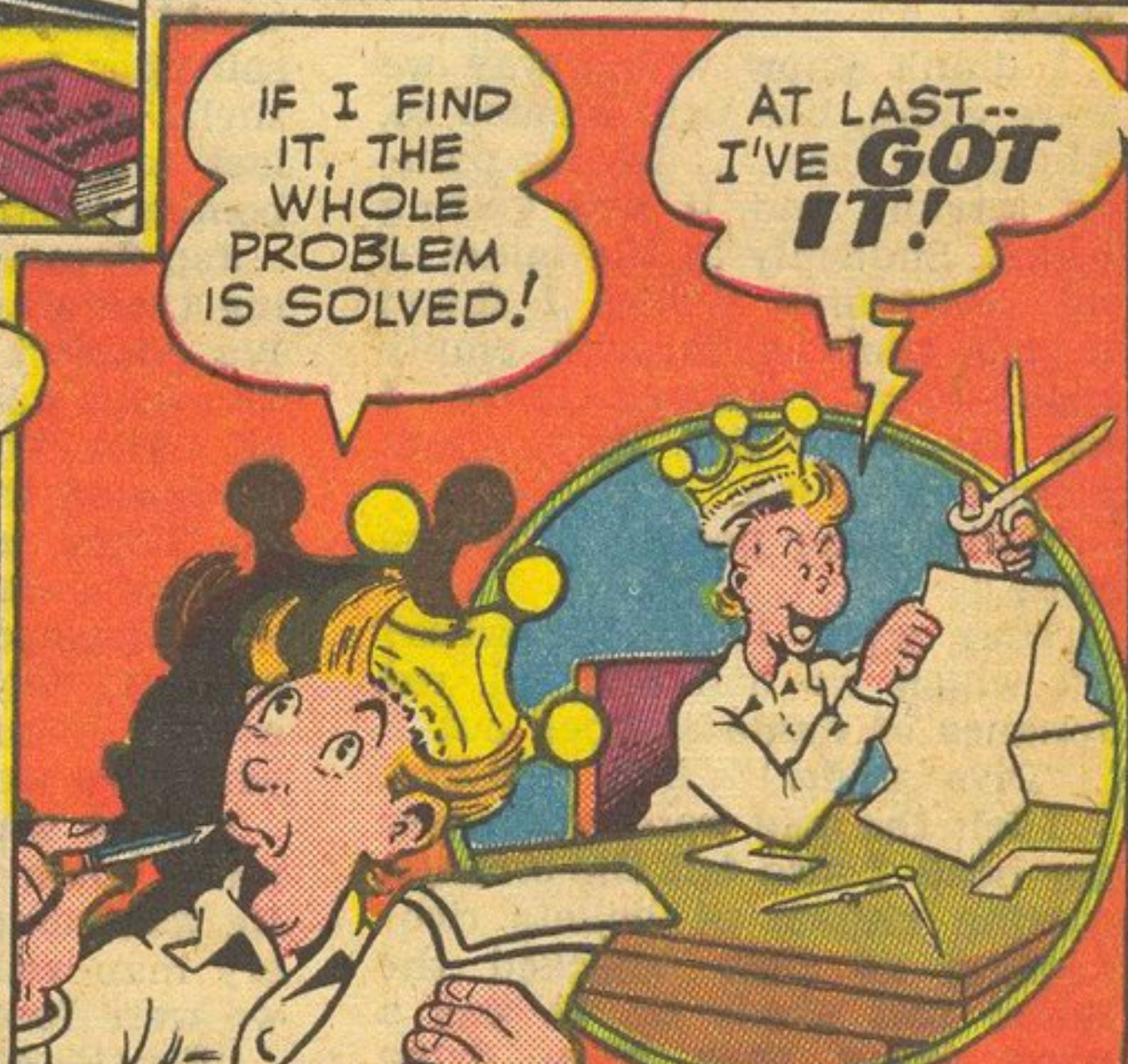
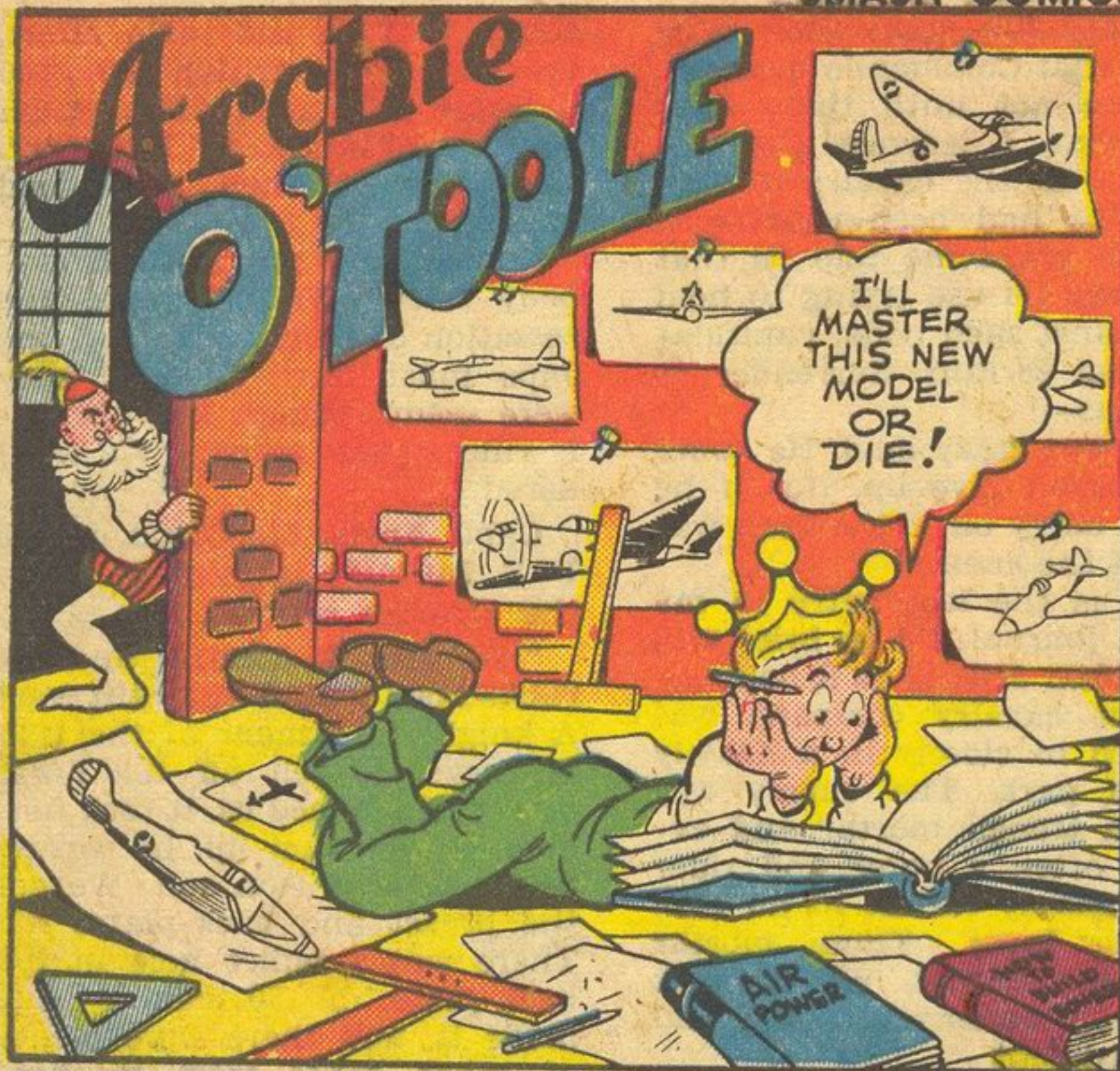
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

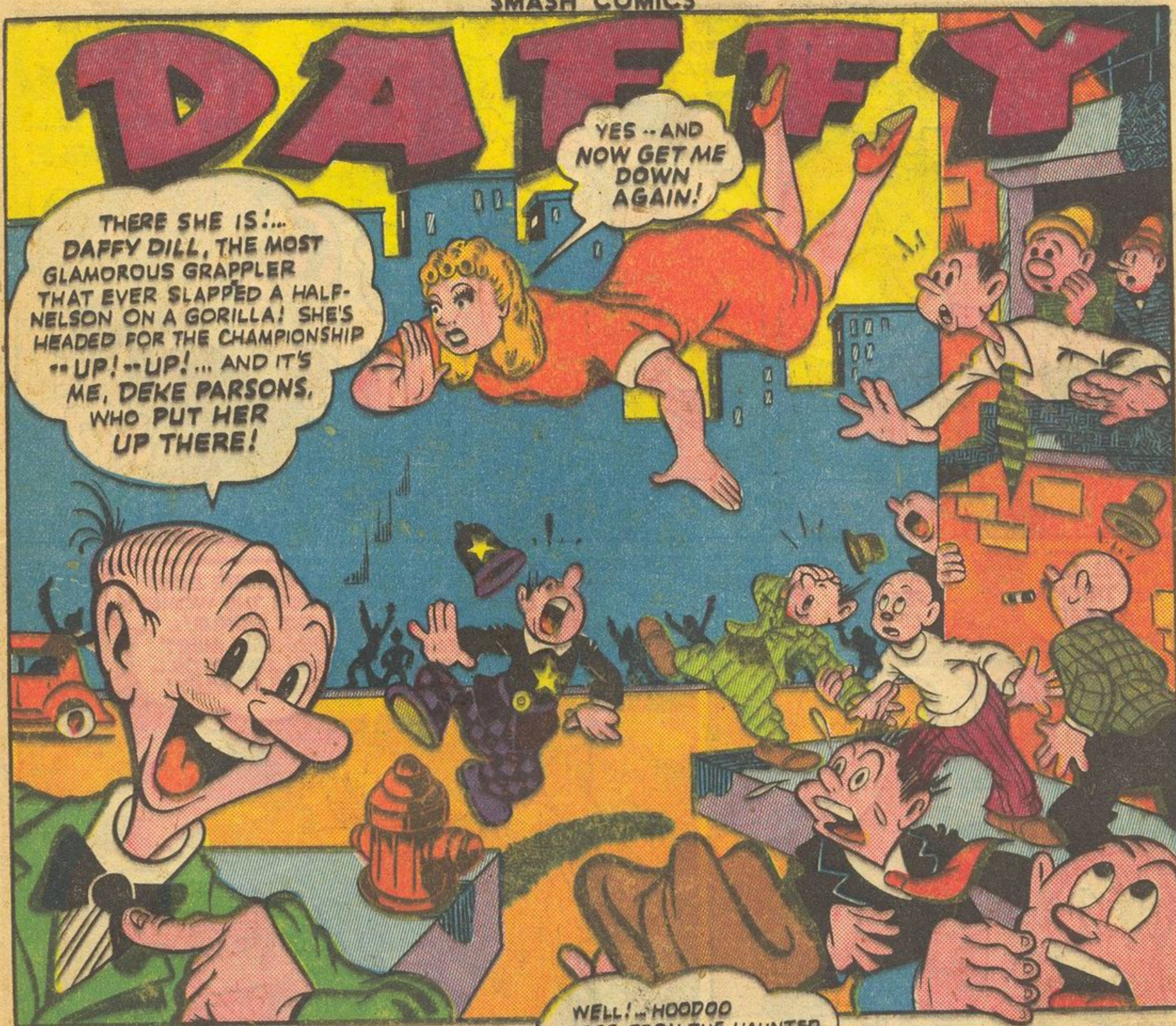
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1943

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944)





THERE SHE IS!...
DAFFY DILL, THE MOST
GLAMOROUS GRAPPLER
THAT EVER SLAPPED A HALF-
NELSON ON A GORILLA! SHE'S
HEADED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP
--UP! --UP!... AND IT'S
ME, DEKE PARSONS,
WHO PUT HER
UP THERE!

YES -- AND
NOW GET ME
DOWN
AGAIN!

WELL!... HOODOO
HOOPS, FROM THE HAUNTED
HILL COUNTRY, SAYS HE
KNOWS MAGIC THAT
WILL MAKE YOU
LOSE
WEIGHT!

REALLY,
MR. HOOPS?

EE-YEP!

I MANUFACTURED
THIS HERE BREW FROM A
RECIPE IN THE BACK OF A
MAGIC BOOK MY PAPPY
LEFT ME! TAKE IT,
MISS DAFFY, AN' FER
SIX HOURS YOU'LL
LOSE WEIGHT LIKE
ANYTHING --OR EVERY-
THING --OR SOMETHING!

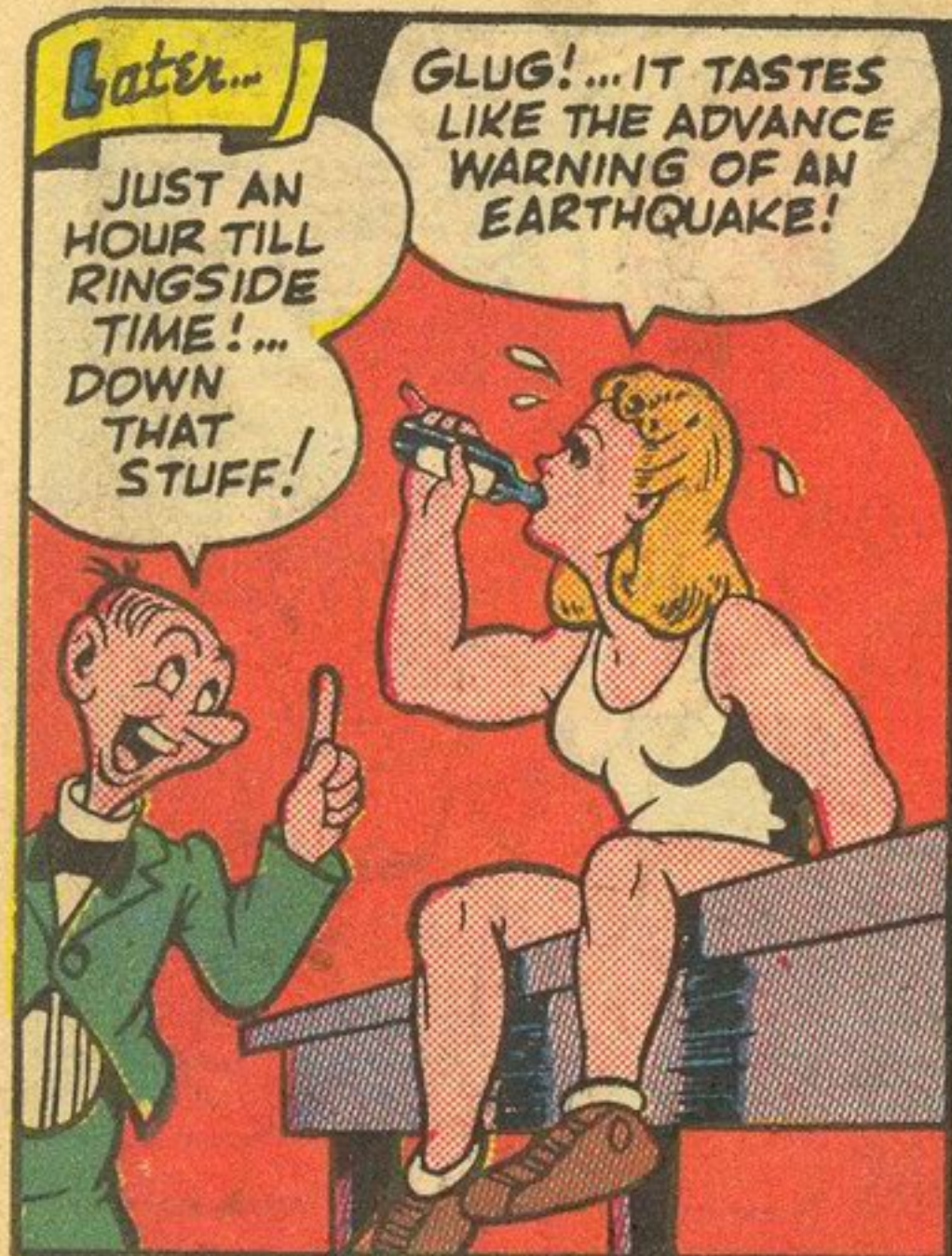
YOU'VE NOT
LOST AN OUNCE,
DAFFY! AND WE
HAVE TO CLIMB
INTO THE RING AT
THE SAME WEIGHT
AS THAT ROWLEY
DAME, OR FORFEIT
OUR END OF
THE GATE
RECEIPTS!

THAT STEAK
TONIGHT --IT
LOOKED SO
NICE TO COME
HOME TO!
SORRY, DEKE
BUT I CAN'T
CUT MY
CALORIES!

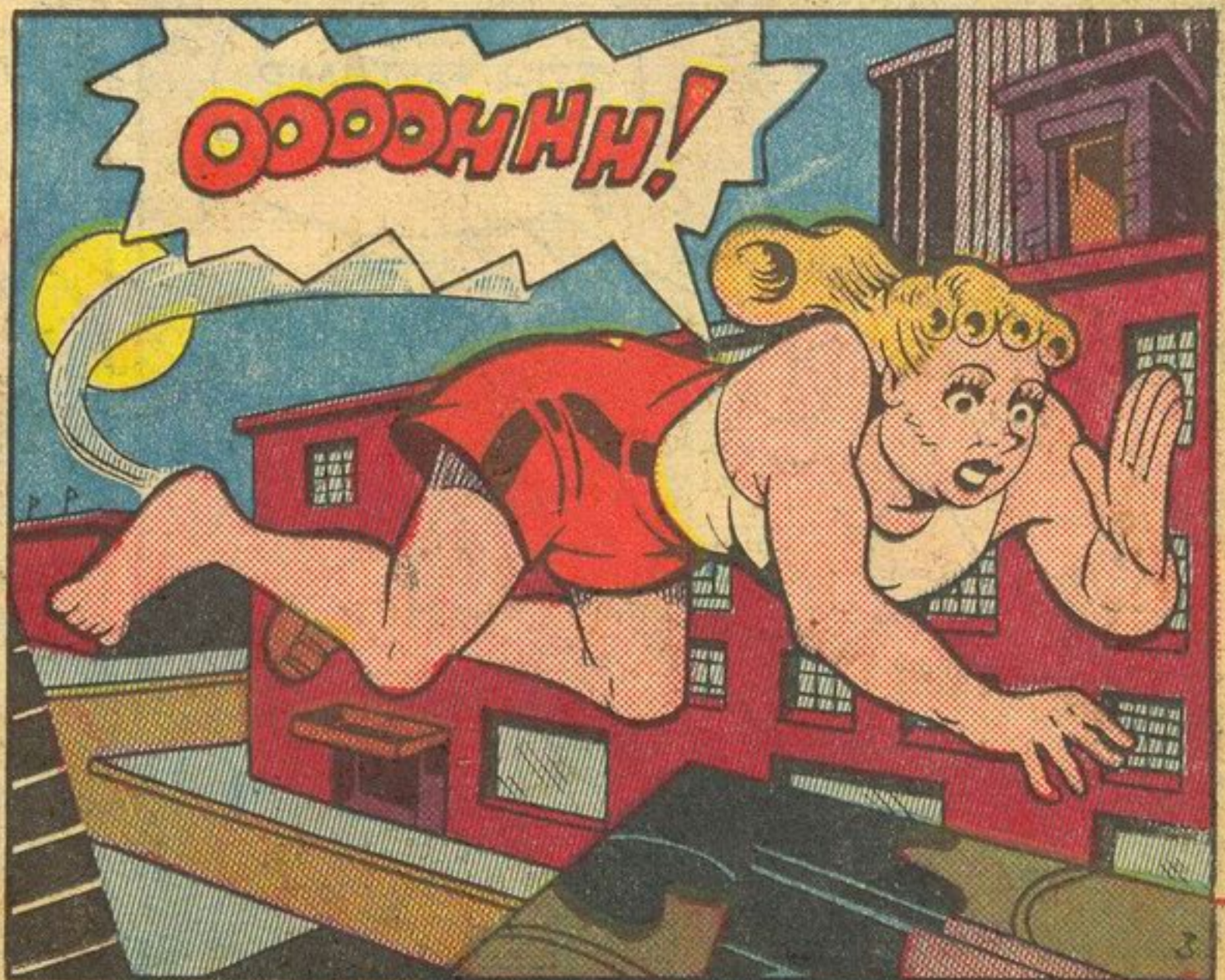
WRESTLING
...MATCH...
DAFFY DILL
VS.
ROSE ANNE ROWLEY
FOR
WOMEN'S
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF THE WORLD!



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

AND THUS WE LEAVE DAFFY SOARING SKYWARD WHILE, IN A LOFTY PENTHOUSE ATOP THE CITY'S TALLEST BUILDING...

SO YOU'RE HOODOO HOOPS!

EE-YEP!

I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOUR MAGIC, MR. HOOPS! YOU CAN MAKE A PILE OF DOUGH, IF YOU JOIN OUR GANG AND USE YOUR MAGIC TO HELP US!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DID! I BEEN WORKIN' ON A "SPELL" TO OPEN THE STRONGEST SAFE!

HOODOO HOOPS! ... GIVE ME BACK MY WEIGHT!

THAT DAME'S OVERHEARD US! WE GOTTA GET RID OF HER!

SHAME ON YOU.. WASTING YOUR TIME WITH GANGSTERS! -- WHILE I'M IN THIS TERRIBLE DANGER!

WANTA GIT RID OF HER, PODNER? GIT ME A SAW! QUICK!

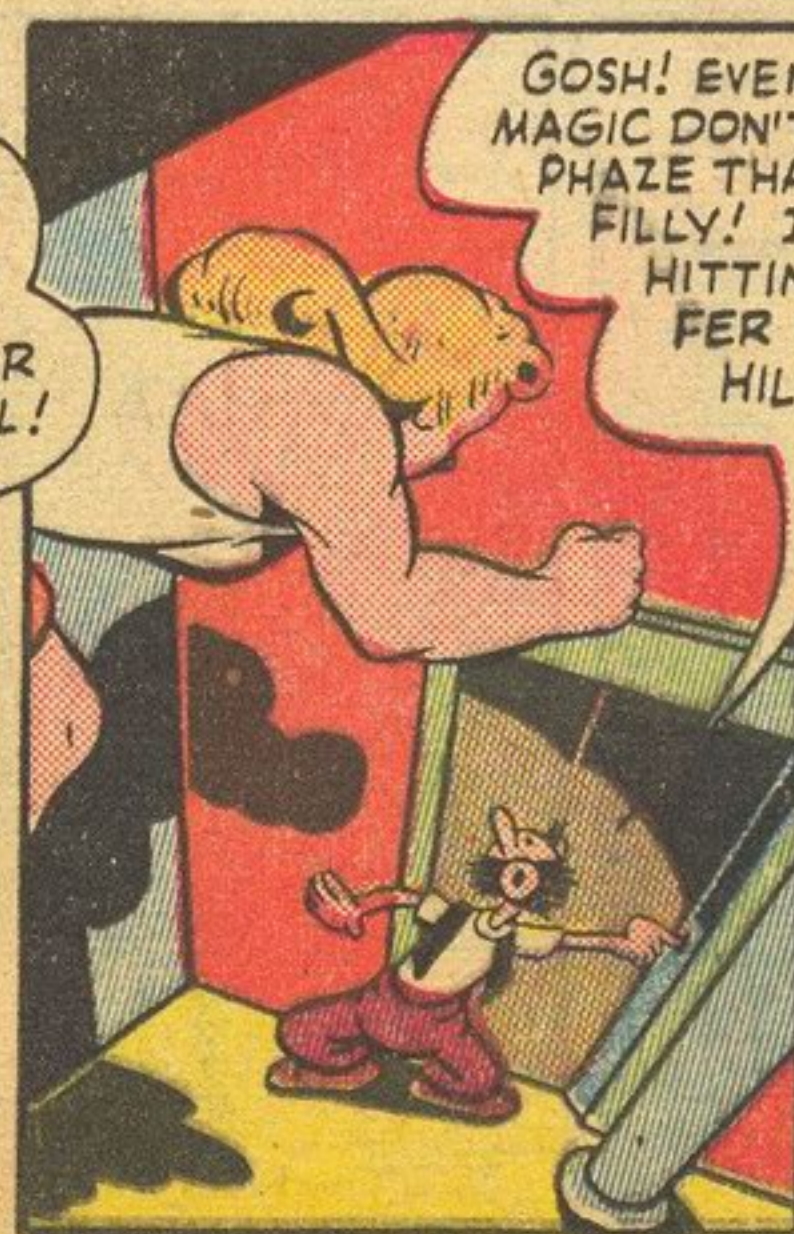
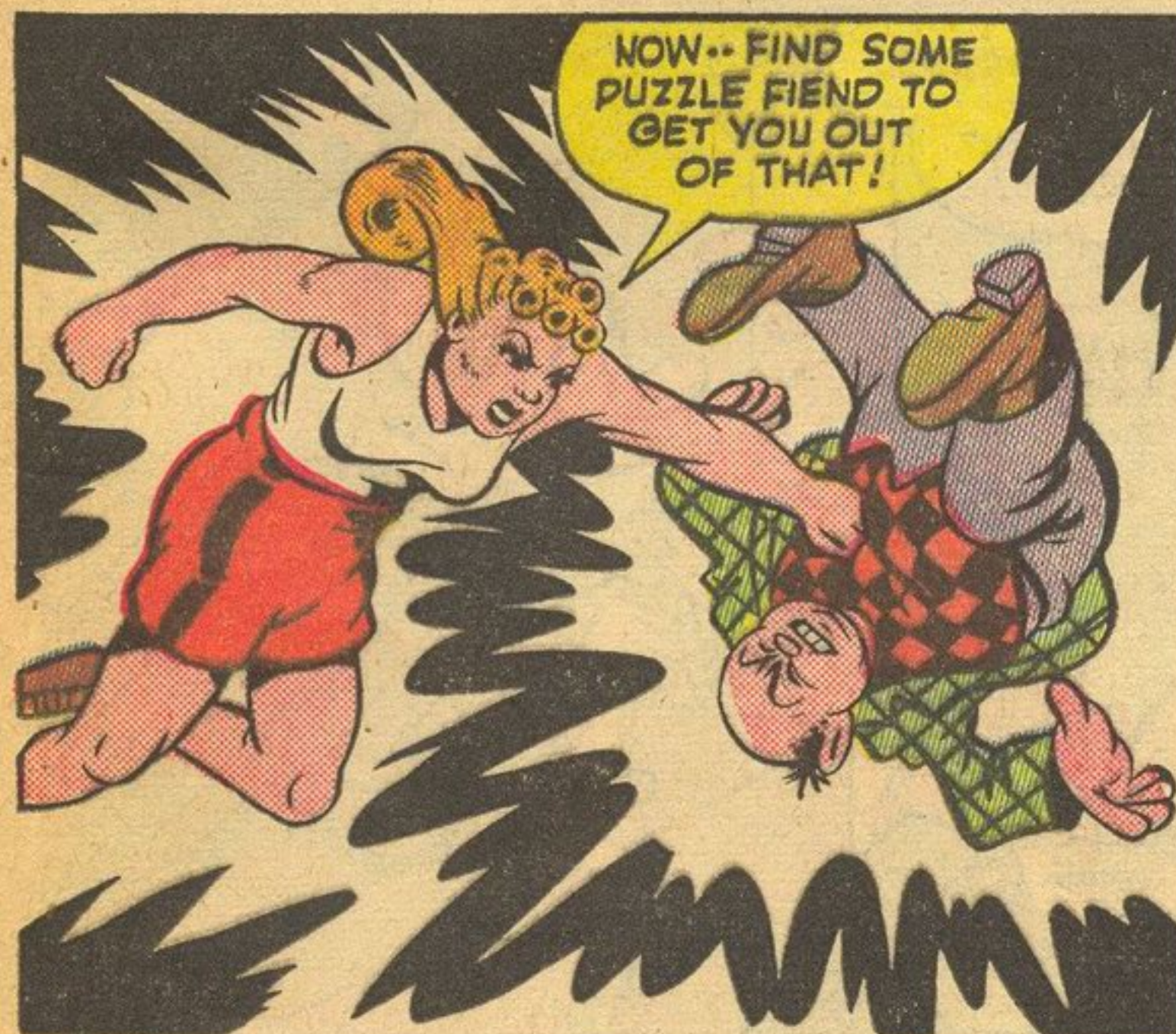
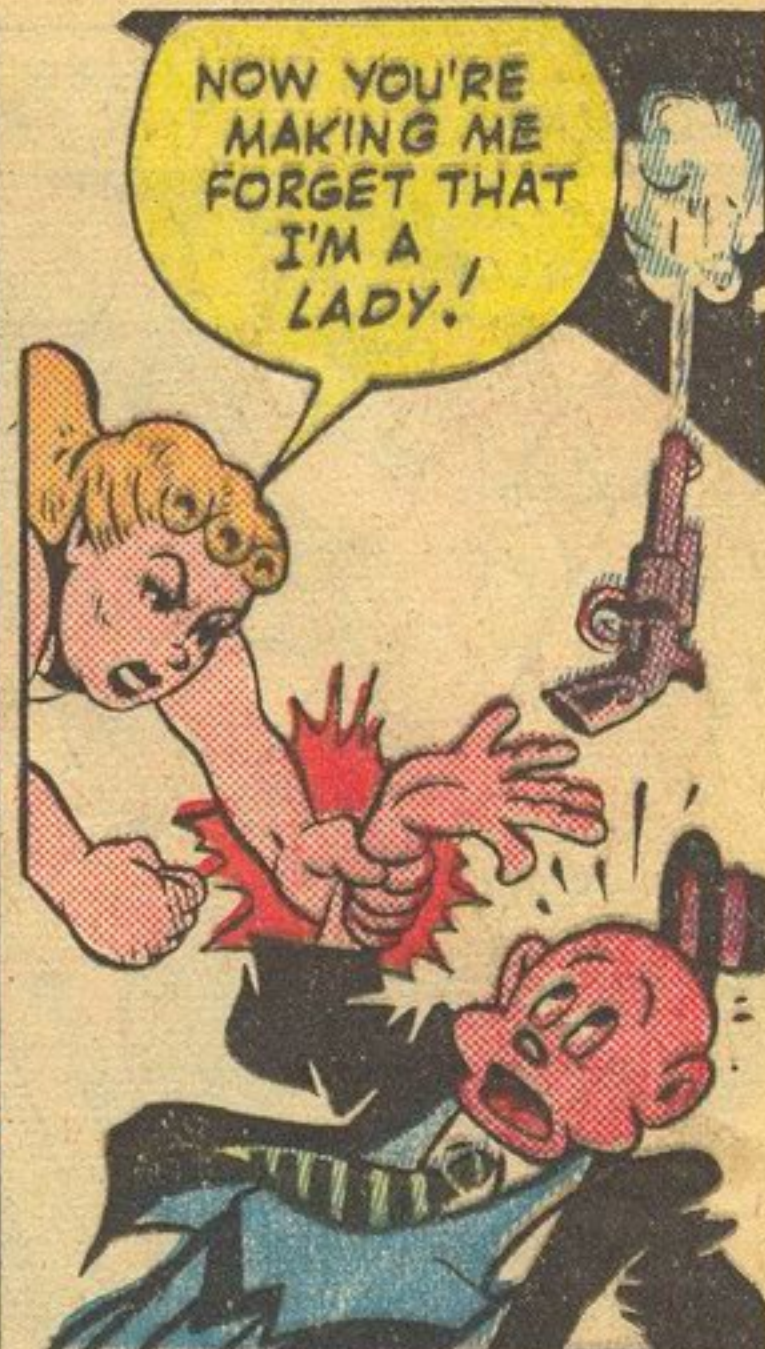
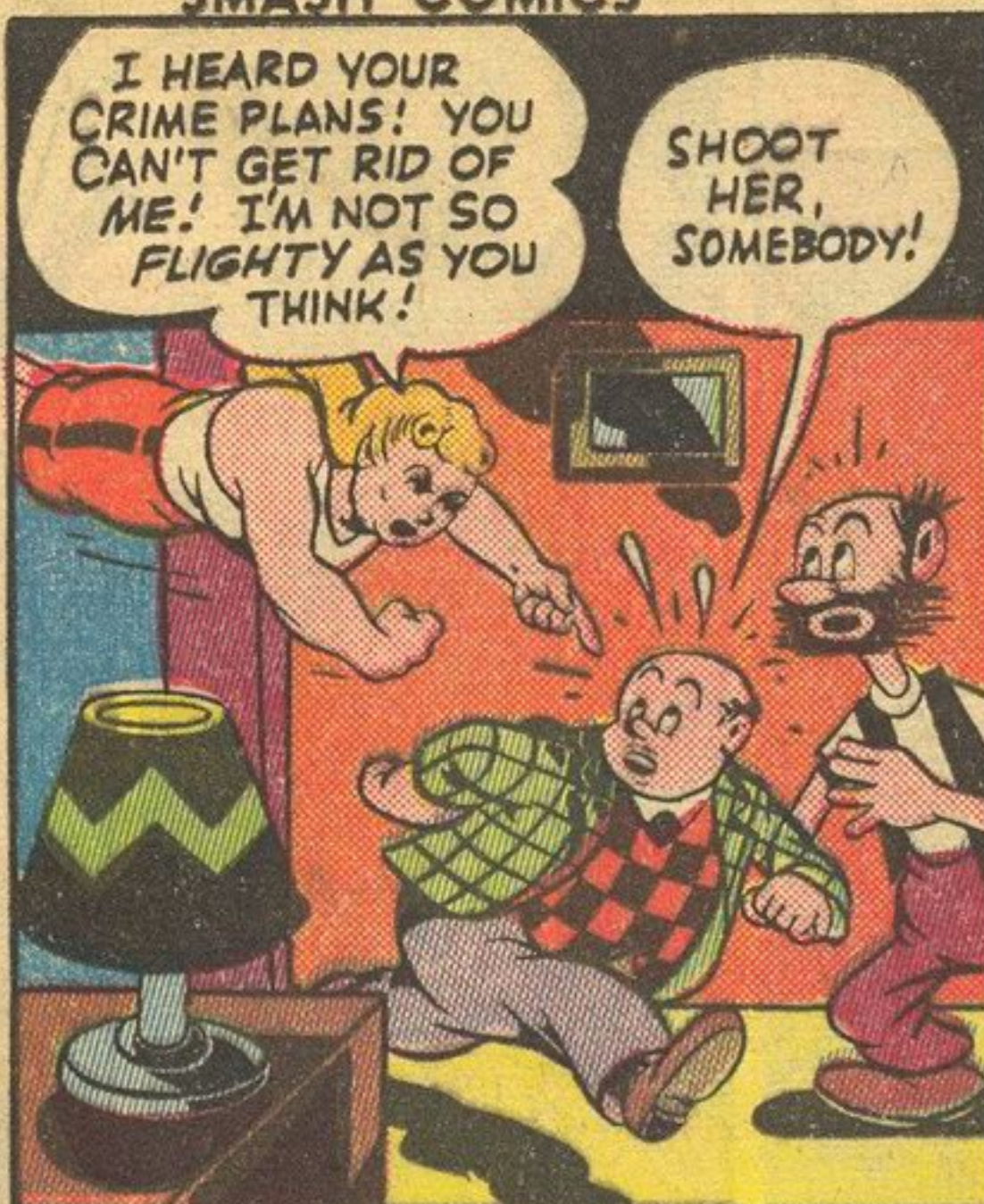
SMART BOY, HOODOO!... SHE'LL FLY CLEAR AWAY, HUH?

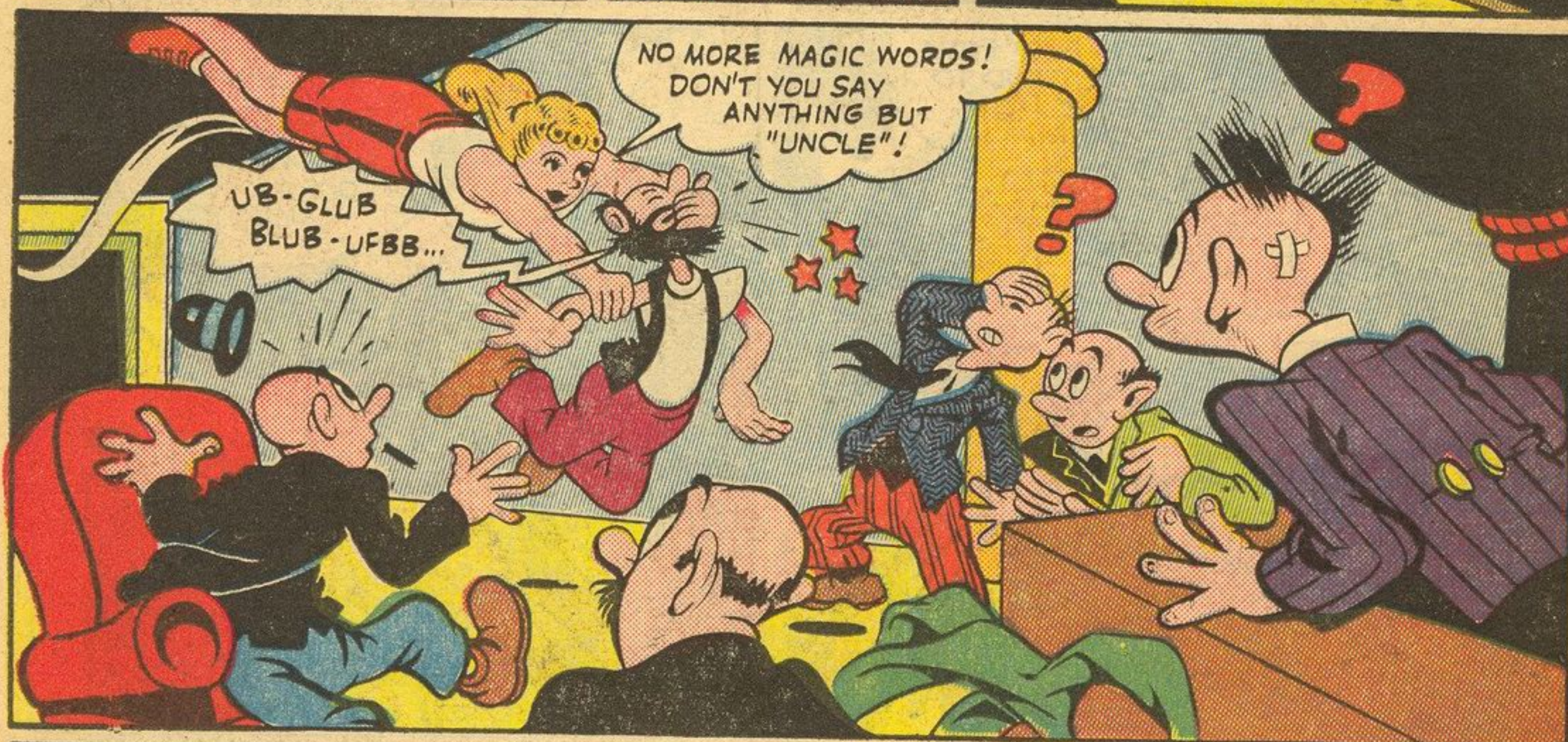
I NEVER THOUGHT A LOW-DOWN TRICK WOULD PUT ME SO HIGH UP!

THAT ROPE IS STILL FAST! AND IT'S ACTING LIKE A WHIPLASH!---

--SNAPPING ME CLEAR AROUND AND INTO THIS WINDOW!

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SMASH COMICS



The Jester

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE FUNNY SIDE, QUINOPOLIS! THOSE WHO NEVER SEE A JOKE OUGHT TO LOOK IN A MIRROR -- THEY'RE OFTEN THE BIGGEST OF JOKES THEMSELVES!



Later... MILES RETURNS TO HIS HOME...

I TOLD THEM WHAT WE AGREED, DEAR... THAT WE ABIDE BY THE TERMS OF THE RANSOM NOTE!

ONCE MORE, WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT OUR DAUGHTER?

Mr. Miles - It will cost you \$100,000 to see your daughter alive. If the police barge in, our first act will be to kill her. We're sending you a contact man. Watch yourself!

IF ONLY THEY'D HURRY AND GET IN TOUCH WITH US! I'LL GO CRAZY WITH GRIEF...

DON'T GIVE UP, MR. MILES! ... MAYBE YOUR DAUGHTER WILL ESCAPE--YOUR MONEY WILL BE SAVED--AND THOSE KIDNAPPING RATS WILL GET WHAT THEY REALLY DESERVE!

LOOK, DEAR! HE'S DRESSED AS A --A-- JESTER!!

BECAUSE I AM A JESTER! BUT THE UNDERWORLD SELDOM SEES THE JOKE!

THIS IS THE KIND OF CASE I LOVE TO SOLVE! THE TOUGHER THE CROOK, THE BETTER I LIKE TO SOFTEN HIM UP!

IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO LAUGH, MR. JESTER! BUT PARDON ME FROM JOINING YOU! IT'S MY DAUGHTER WHO'S IN DANGER!

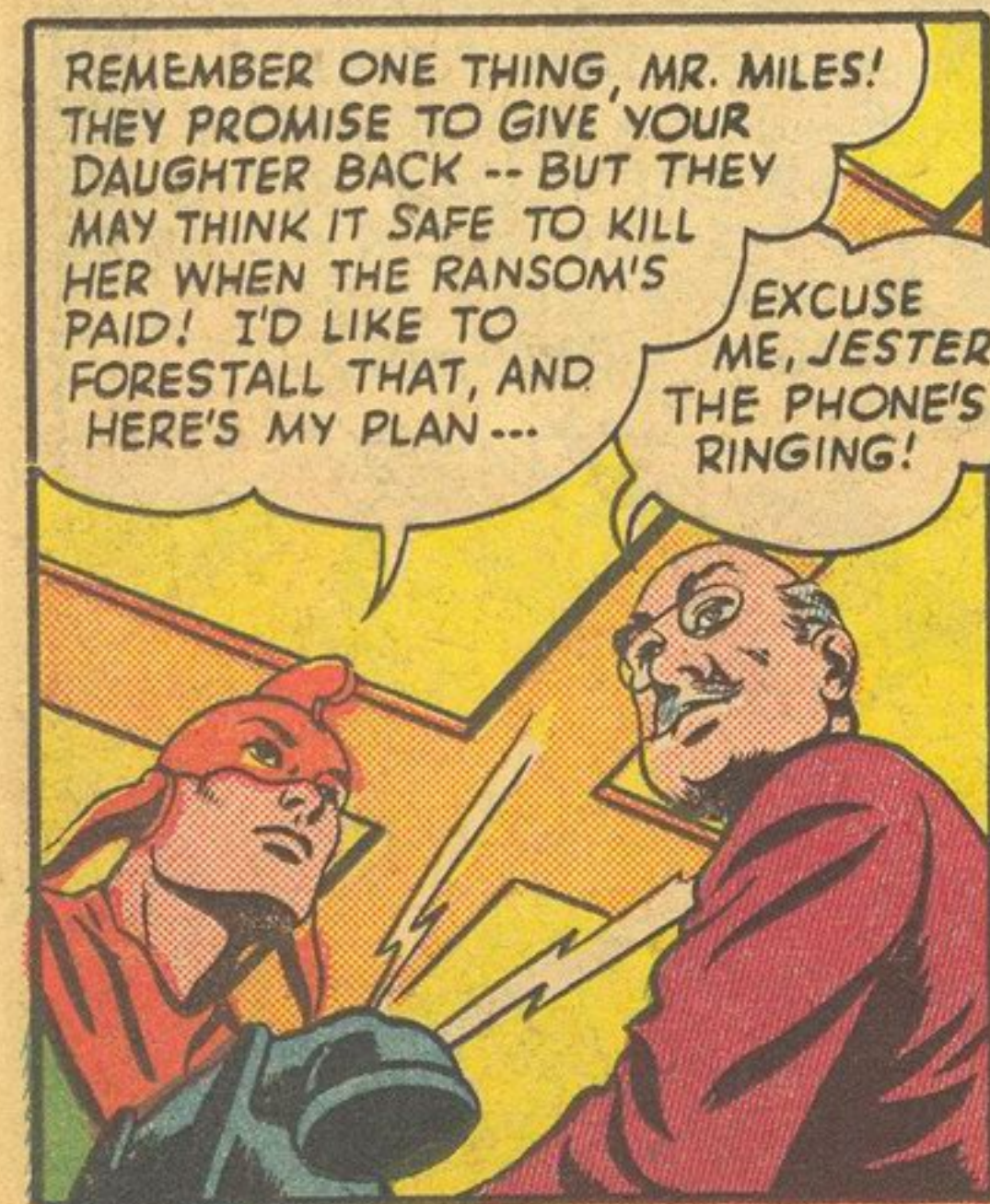
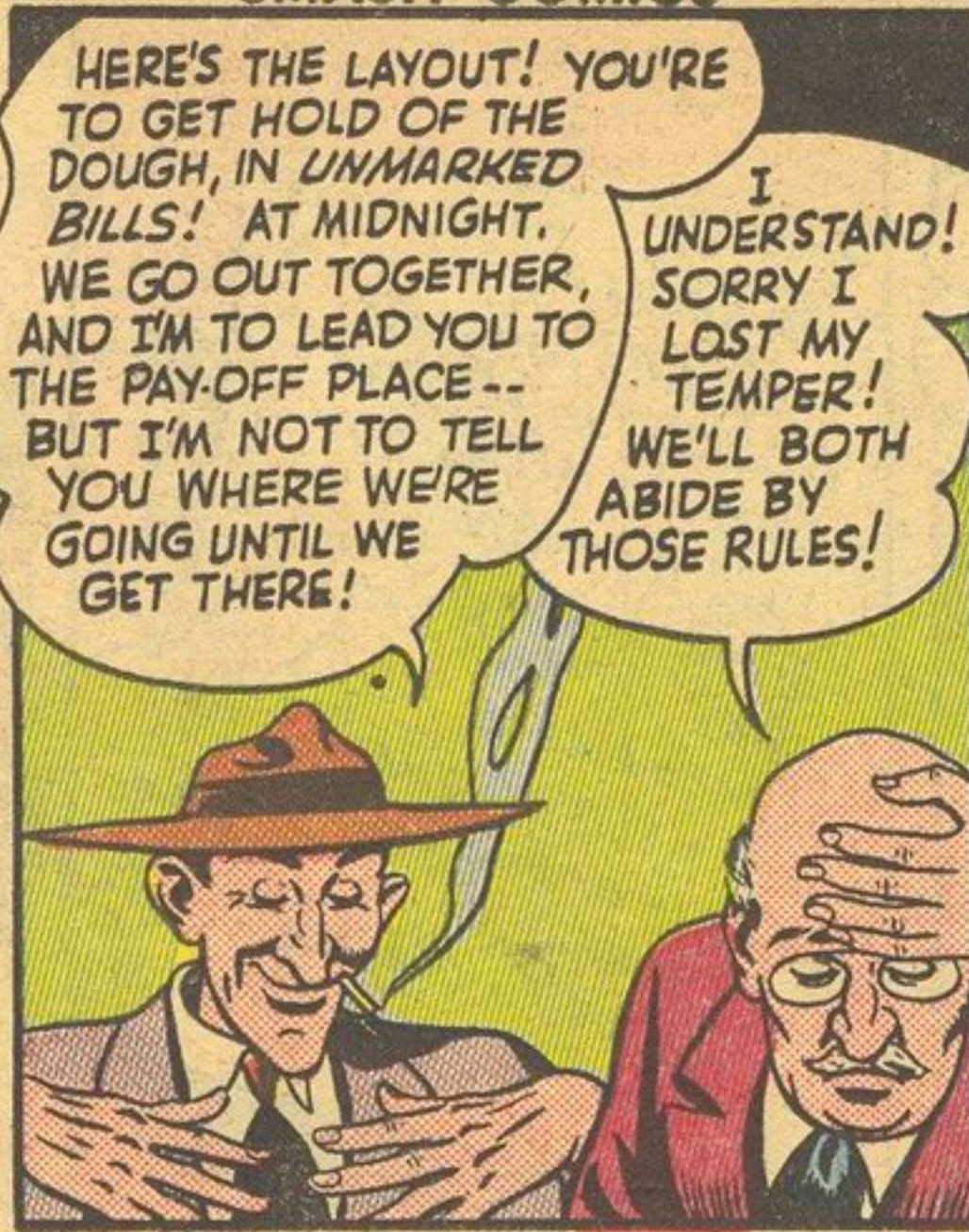
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, SIR! AND DON'T THINK I'M MAKING FUN OF YOU OR THIS SITUATION! KIDNAPPING IS ONE OF THE MOST DREADFUL OF CRIMES! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!

PARDON ME, SIR! A VERY VULGAR PERSON WISHES TO SEE YOU, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!

I'LL KEEP OUT OF SIGHT DURING THIS INTERVIEW, MR. MILES!

HI'YA, MILESY! SHRIMP TWIST'S MY NAME -- GOT A LETTER AND A TEN-DOLLAR BILL TODAY! SEEMS LIKE I'M THE GUY WHO'S GOING TO BE GO-BETWEEN WITH YOUR KID'S KIDNAPPER!

SMASH COMICS



SHRIMP TWIST WENDS HIS WAY TO THE SINISTER SLUMS WHERE HE LIVES -- FOLLOWED BY A SILENT RANGER OF THE ROOFTOPS...

I KNOW SHRIMP'S RECORD! HE'S NOT THE BRAINS OF THIS PLOT -- NOT EVEN THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND! PROBABLY ONLY A STOOGES! BUT STOOGES CAN LEAD THE WAY!



HE'S GOING INTO THAT BASEMENT APARTMENT! PROBABLY TO LIE LOW UNTIL MIDNIGHT!



DOUBLE LOCK -- THAT'S IT! THIS BIG-TIME STUFF MAKES ME NERVOUS! I'M GONNA STICK TO PICKIN' POCKETS AN' KNIFE-WORK AFTER THIS!

HOW COZY, SHRIMP!



THE JESTER!

RIGHT! AND WE'RE LOCKED IN HERE TOGETHER, AREN'T WE?



OKAY, JESTER! THOSE LOUD COLORS MAKE A SWELL TARGET FOR A KNIFE-THROWER!



I CAN THROW, TOO! ISN'T QUINOPOLIS A CLUMSY LITTLE CUSS TO SPOIL YOUR MARKSMANSHIP?



I GOTTA SPARE KNIFE!

BUT NOT A SPARE MOMENT, SHRIMP!



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HERE'S A
COMMANDO
TRICK I LEARNED
FROM MY FRIEND
MIDNIGHT!

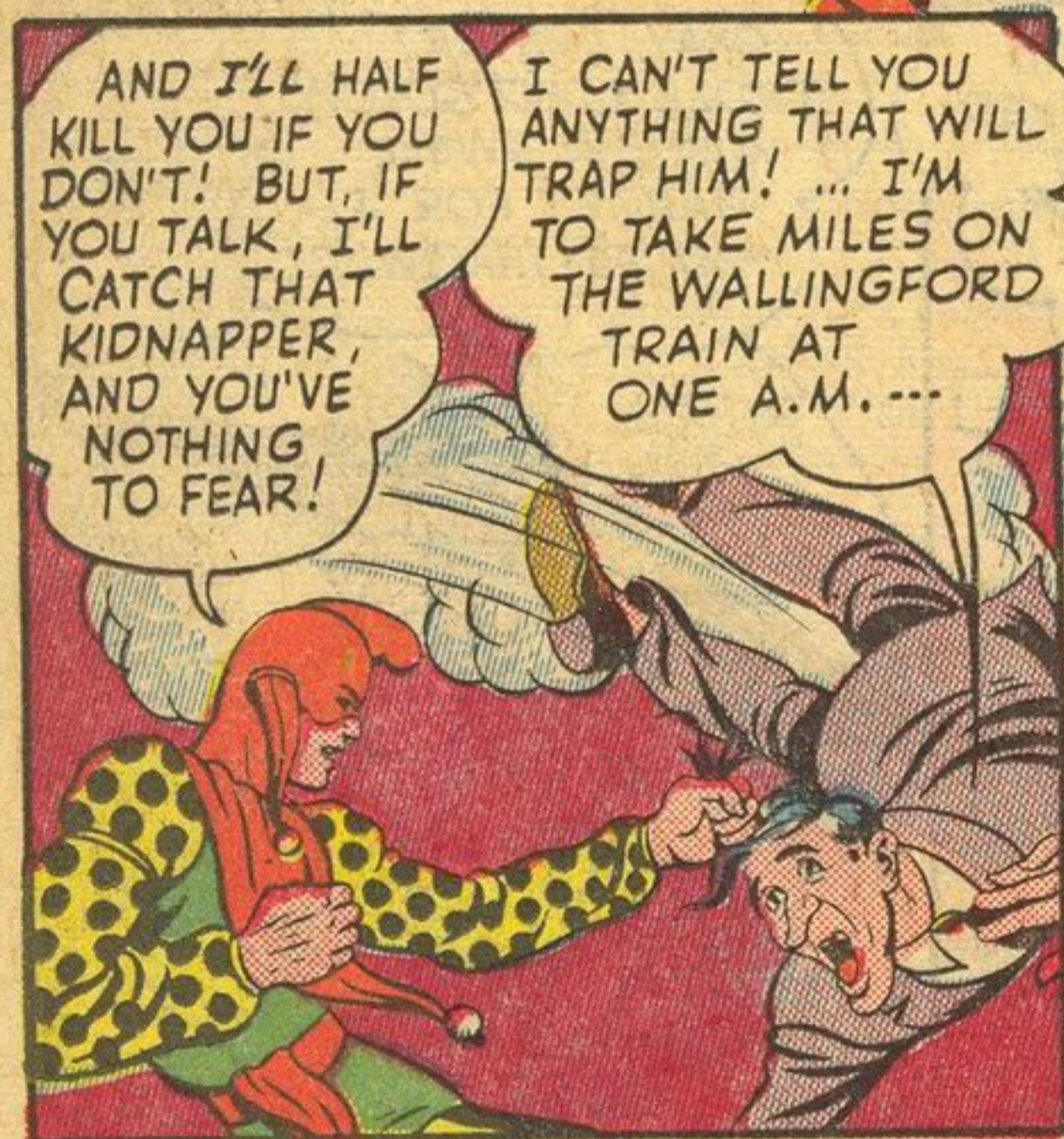


GOOD THING YOU NEVER
WENT SWIMMING WITH
ALL THAT CUTLERY ON
YOU! THE WEIGHT WOULD
DRAG YOU TO THE
BOTTOM!



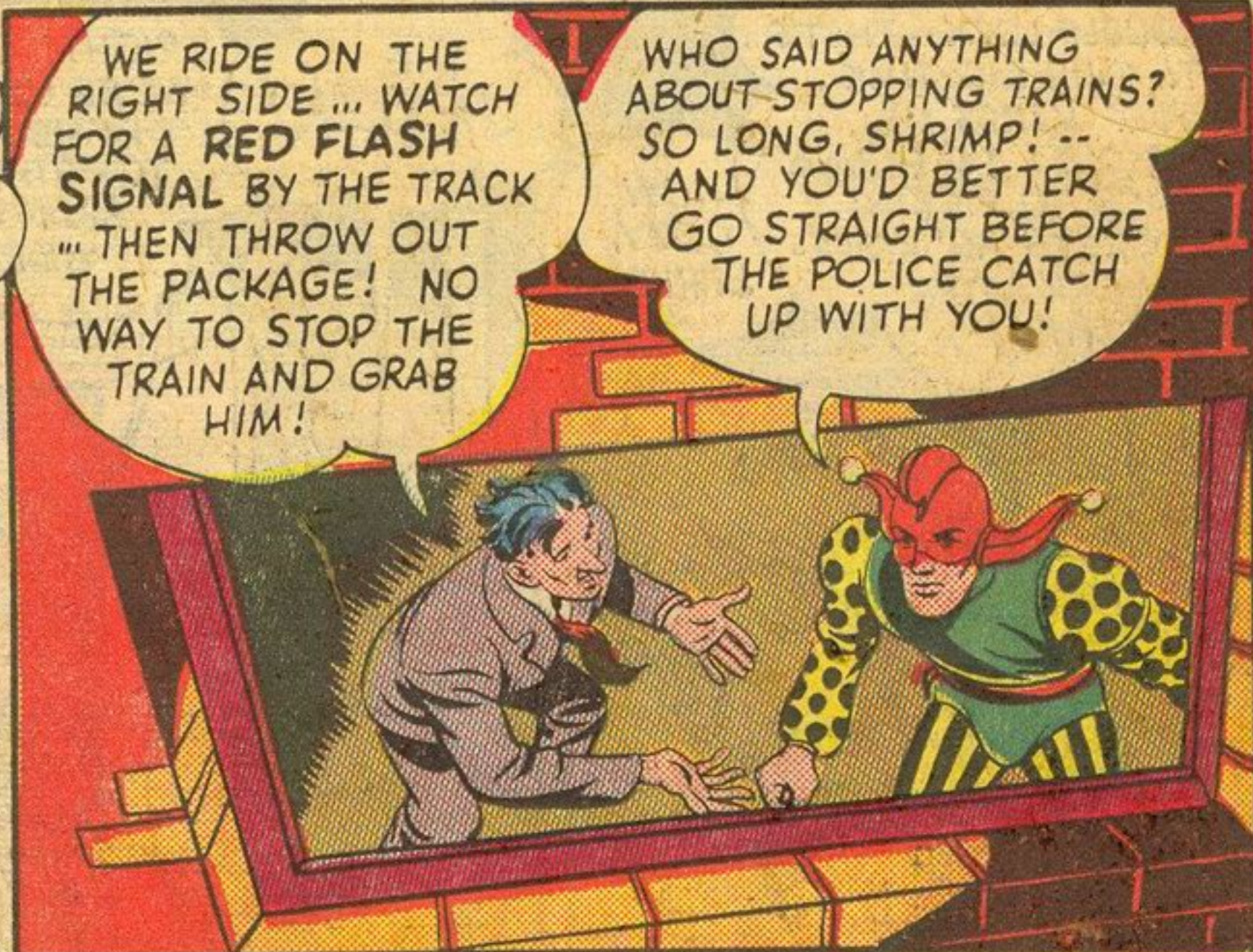
OKAY, NOW! WHAT'S
THE PLAN FOR THIS
RANSOM PAYMENT?
START TALKING,
OR ---

I DON'T
DARE! THE
KIDNAP
GUY IS
PURE POISON!
HE'D KILL ME IF
I SAID A
WORD!



AND I'LL HALF
KILL YOU IF YOU
DON'T! BUT, IF
YOU TALK, I'LL
CATCH THAT
KIDNAPPER,
AND YOU'VE
NOTHING
TO FEAR!

I CAN'T TELL YOU
ANYTHING THAT WILL
TRAP HIM! ... I'M
TO TAKE MILES ON
THE WALLINGFORD
TRAIN AT
ONE A.M. ---



WE RIDE ON THE
RIGHT SIDE ... WATCH
FOR A RED FLASH
SIGNAL BY THE TRACK
... THEN THROW OUT
THE PACKAGE! NO
WAY TO STOP THE
TRAIN AND GRAB
HIM!

WHO SAID ANYTHING
ABOUT STOPPING TRAINS?
SO LONG, SHRIMP! --
AND YOU'D BETTER
GO STRAIGHT BEFORE
THE POLICE CATCH
UP WITH YOU!



HE'S GONE!
AND I HOPE I
NEVER SEE HIM
COMING
BACK!

CRASH!



ONE A.M. -- AND TWO LATE
TRAVELERS ARE ABOARD THE
TRAIN TO WALLINGFORD ...

YOU DON'T
SEEM AS CHEERFUL
AS YOU WERE
AT MY HOUSE!

MAYBE I
GOT THINGS
ON MY MIND,
MILESY!



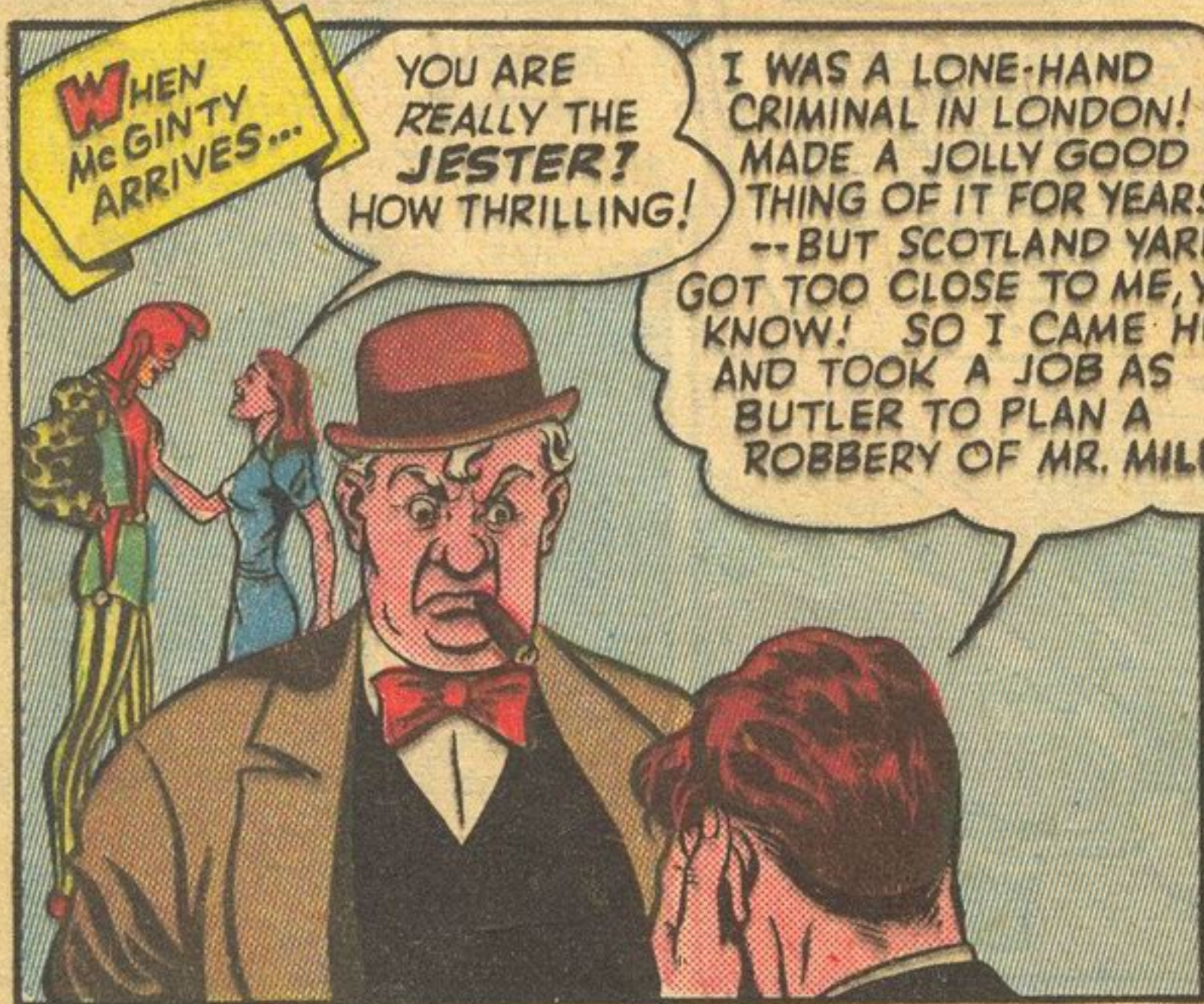
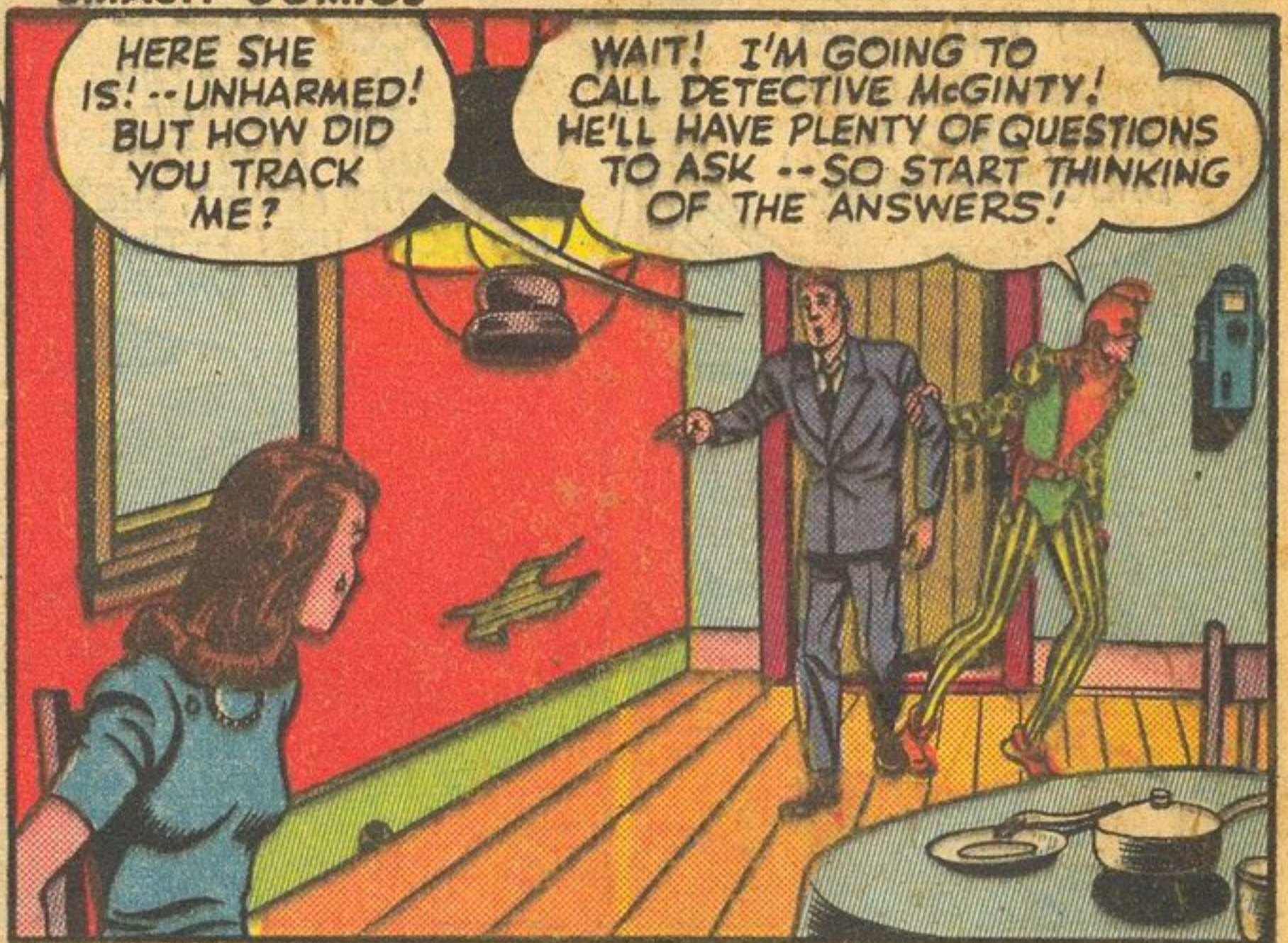
LOOKIT!
THE RED FLASH
SIGNAL! ...
QUICK! THROW
THE CASH!

YES...
AT
ONCE!

SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New

COMMANDO

KRAK-A-JAP

MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!



BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

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Send no money To Get Your **COMMANDO** Machine Gun and **FREE Telescope**

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

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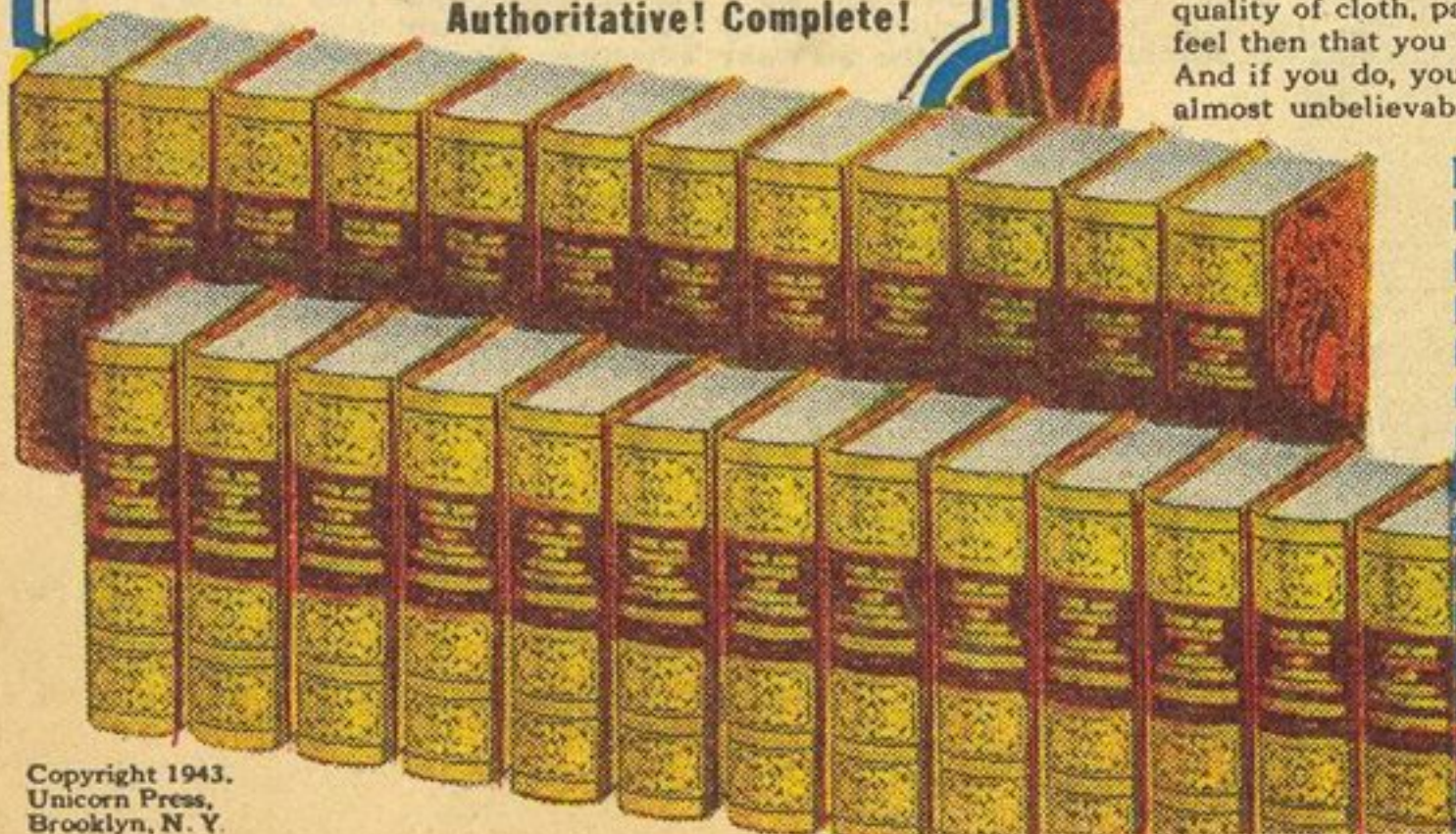
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